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AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

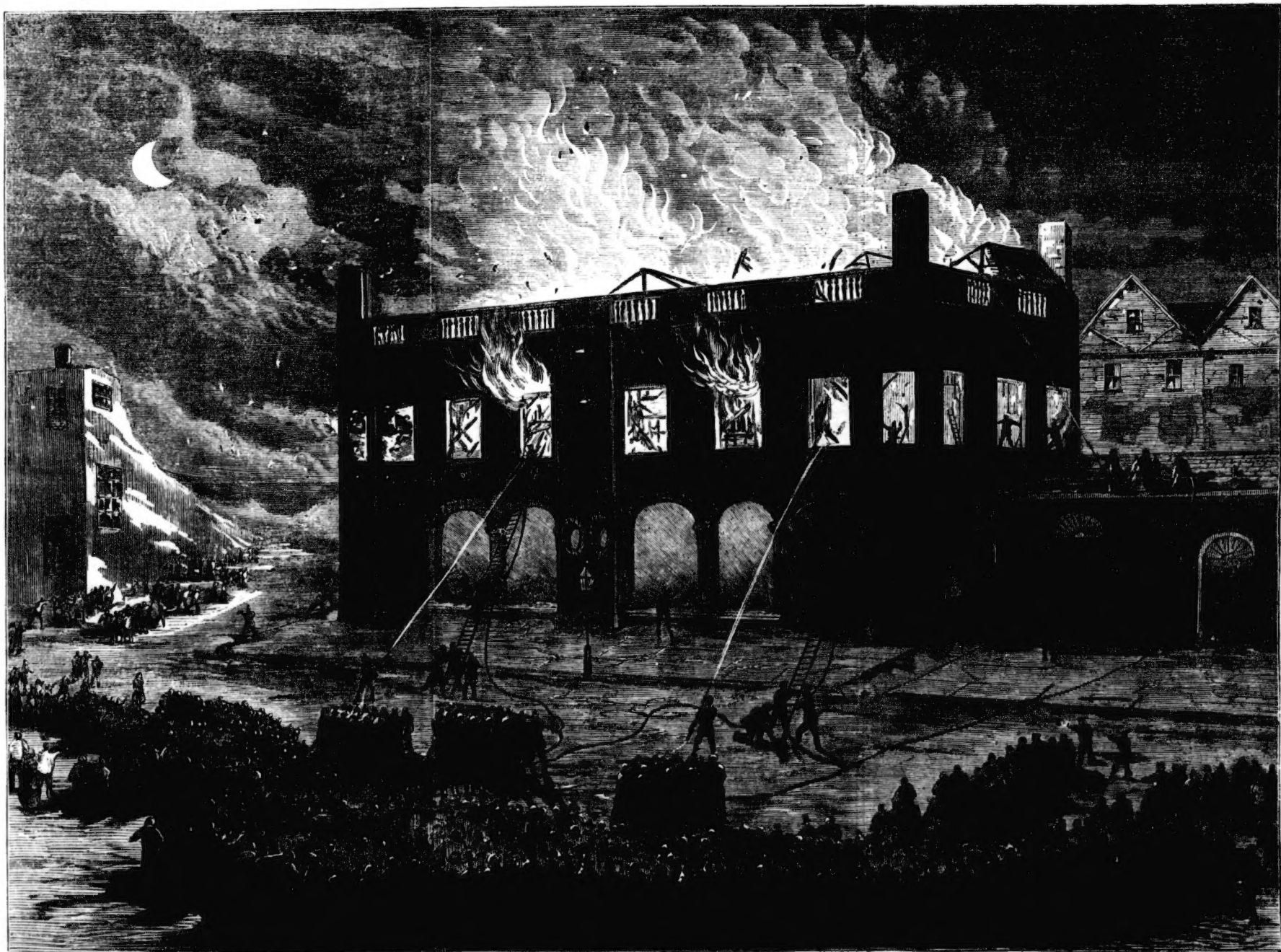
MANY persons will regret that it has not been found possible to profit by the offer of the American Government to supply our West Indian colonies with an unlimited number of negroes. The negroes are wanted there; it is said that they are not unwilling to go, and it is certain that the American Government is anxious to send them. It is difficult, however, to know who the legal masters of the self-liberated slaves really are, and though we recognise no slavery on British soil, we have been obliged to recognise it hitherto in the United States, and cannot very well assist the Government at the present crisis in its endeavour to abolish it at the expense of the Southern proprietors. What would be the consequence of our accepting the American Government's proposition? Simply that fugitive negroes would be shipped for the West Indies as fast as we could take them, while the fact of our taking them would be a direct encouragement to them to fly. Thus we should be aiding the North in its attempt to subjugate the South by force of confiscation, and sooner or later might be called to account by the Southerners for receiving their property from the hands of their enemies. When the war had just broken out the supporters of the Government were all ready to explain to us that hitherto it had been impossible to abolish slavery in the United States by any general law, because it was a question which each State must legislate for separately. If that be a true view of the case, which we fully believe it to be, the Government has no right to emancipate the negroes, even though it be

admitted that the Southern States have no claim to the independent position which, *de facto*, they have now maintained for nearly two years. It is still a question for each State to decide separately, and would have to be so regarded if the Union were re-established to-morrow. Some ardent supporters of the North continue to tell us that the South in time must be subdued, and therefore that we can deal with the American Government as freely and as confidently as we should with Austria, notwithstanding the universal disaffection of Hungary. But, considering that the Southern Confederation may yet succeed in establishing itself as a separate State, or collection of States, and that most European statesmen are of opinion that, practically, that result has already been attained; considering also that, even on the hypothesis that the Union still exists, there is nevertheless much doubt as to whether the Central Government can legally emancipate the slaves in any one State without the sanction of the Legislature of that State; considering, finally, that, whatever be the result of the war, England is sure to come in for a good measure of blame from one if not both sides, it is certainly prudent not to accept the liberal offer of the American Government. To decline it is, perhaps, not generous towards the negroes, nor is it advantageous to the sugar-growers of Demerara and Berbice, who are greatly in want of labour. But it is as well to abstain from all, even the most distant, semblance of officiousness in our dealings with what are still called the United States.

By acceding to the proposition of their Government we should at once incur the enmity of the Confederates, and in the improbable case of a reunion this enmity might easily extend itself to the North.

It may be said—and, indeed, is said in more than one quarter—that on high moral grounds, and for the sake of keeping up our character as a nation that abhors slavery in every form, we ought to have embraced with joy this opportunity of giving liberty to many thousands of negroes. These remarks come, for the most part, from the very men who, in regard to our general dealings with foreign Powers, advocate the principle of non-intervention in its most absolute sense. But as it is, if American slaves were to be landed in the West Indies, we may be sure that they would not be turned away, and that they would find work quite as easily with or without the guarantee of the British Government. To make a formal arrangement for carrying away the confiscated slaves of the Southern proprietors is a very different thing from maintaining our laws as to the personal inviolability of all innocent men on British soil.

The exact position of American affairs is never very easy to determine, thanks to the contradictory reports that are brought to us by every mail. We know that the North has struck four great blows without producing any impression on the South. But we have no information as to the resources of the Southerners, and it is, of course, by exhausting them that the



DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE TOWNHALL AND EXCHANGE AT CHESTER, DECEMBER 30, 1862.—(FROM A SKETCH BY E. M'EVOT.)

North now hopes to bring them to submission. That it never can do so by fair fighting is morally certain, but it is impossible to say that an insurrection of negroes may not paralyse them, or that they may not be reduced by want of supplies. In the meanwhile it is clear that no ordinary poverty can terrify them, and that they know how to keep the arms which they are constantly taking from the enemy.

Another important fact in regard to the South is that it is thoroughly united, at least as far as the whites are concerned. There can be no question with them as to whether they shall go on fighting, or with what degree of energy the war shall be carried on. They fight to defend themselves, and must use whatever energy they find necessary to repulse the enemy. The North, however, can attack at its leisure, and in the intervals finds time and occasions in plenty to become divided and subdivided against itself. It is next to impossible for an Englishman who is not very familiar indeed with American affairs to understand the politics of the parties into which the North is now broken up, or even to get at the meaning of their party names. Etymology is no guide in the matter. A special political dictionary would be but of little use unless a new edition appeared every year; for scarcely a twelvemonth passes without the introduction of some new political term. As a rule, political parties in America seem to call themselves anything. They take any sort of name, as a negro wears any sort of ornament, without the slightest reference to its appropriateness. Tennyson's line

Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat, what care I!

would be a good motto for them. The most aristocratic section are the "Democrats," and the most despotic the "Republicans." Such titles as "Know-nothings" and "Hard-shells" were less confusing to Englishmen, for they expressed nothing whatever. Ask an American the origin of the Democratic party, which has lately gained so much ground, and he will tell you not to trouble yourself about the name, and that the present Democratic party is merely the old "Locofoco" party newly christened. What the principles were of the "locofocos" is not clear, the one thing certain about them being that they derive their title from some "locofoco" lucifers, which the founders of the party took with them to a public meeting where they knew that the gas was to be turned off at a critical moment, and by means of which the hall was speedily re-illuminated.

We should like very much to see a trustworthy (and, of course, recently published) guide to political parties in America. It could not fail to be amusing, and might even be instructive. In the meanwhile it seems certain that all shades of politics are to be found in the North; while in the South the two great divisions are black and white.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TOWNHALL AT CHESTER.

THE Exchange and Townhall of Chester were totally destroyed by fire on Tuesday, the 30th ult. The building contained the police-office, cells, and offices on the ground floor; and police-court, townhall, and council-chamber on the first floor; above them a number of rooms, some of which were used as offices and others for storing papers. The structure, which was situated in Northgate-street, was completed in 1698, at a cost of £1000, towards which the Mayor of the day—Roger Whitley—contributed largely. The building was of brick, ornamented with stonework. The first floor was supported by stone pillars, through which was a spacious thoroughfare from south to north. On the ground floor of the building there were market-stalls on the Saturday. The whole presented a curious mixture of architectural design, and was as inconvenient a building in every department as could possibly have been designed. Visitors to Chester will remember the statue of Queen Anne, arrayed in coronation robes, which stood in a niche in the south front, and which for nearly two centuries has been the silent witness of many strange changes in the old city. There were several tablets on the front, the blazonry on which was considered remarkably fine. The police, or pentice, court was a quaint place. The room was small, and afforded but sorry accommodation for the public and the officers who assembled day after day. Round one side of the room, on panels, were the portraits of old Cestrians, who, in the course of five hundred years past, left sums of money for the comfort of the poor; which sums, as is usually the case, have in the lapse of time been diverted from their original purposes. In this room and others there were several valuable paintings, one by Gainsborough and Reynolds, one by Jackson, and another by West. As the fire is said to have originated in the pentice-room, it is to be feared that most of these paintings have been seriously, if not totally, destroyed. The Townhall was fitted up as a sessions court, and was panelled in the old-fashioned style, and ornamented with lieters' faces and spears. Round the walls were full-length portraits of Cestrian worthies. Above this room were a number of lumber-rooms, which were filled with cartloads of old papers of all descriptions. Another room on the same floor as the Townhall was nicely fitted up, and used as the council-chamber. Here, again, were a number of portraits. The fire was first discovered, about six o'clock, in the flooring of the pentice-court. Owing to the exceeding dryness of the wood, the flames made rapid progress. The rope of the firebell was burnt, and this prevented the alarm from being rung out to the inhabitants. As soon as the flames reached the ceilings all hope of saving the building was abandoned, as the fire raged with great fury, and, fed by the stores of paper, all the available resources of the fire brigade were found ineffectual to stay the progress of the fire. All the paintings that could be reached were removed as speedily as possible, plenty of willing hands being extended to save the property. Besides the city engines, the fire-engine from the castle was brought into use, and, worked by soldiers, did good service. The roof fell in within half an hour from the commencement of the fire, and then huge burning flakes were borne by the wind across the city, exciting great apprehension for the safety of the new Market-hall, which is being erected close by the Townhall, and also for the houses in the city. The inhabitants were, however, on the alert, and prevented further destruction of property. All the valuable records, we believe, were saved.

OXFORD AND RUSSIAN WAR TROPHIES.—When the Russian War was ended the English share of the guns captured at Sebastopol was scattered broadcast over the country, every petty official who chose to apply in the name of an obscure market-town being favoured with as many as he asked for. Among others, Oxford was favoured with two. They were applied for by one Mayor and received by another, who did not view them exactly in the same light as his predecessor; and they have been knocked about the corners and byways of the city ever since. An attempt has just been made to find a resting-place for them in front of the Oxford County Hall, and a meeting of the county was held on Monday to consider the subject, when Colonel North strongly denounced the bad taste and vulgar tone of triumph over Russia displayed in the disposition of these captured guns, and the meeting was unanimous in refusing them standing-room in front of their hall.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The reception at the Tuilleries on New-Year's Day was marked by no extraordinary incident, and the whole proceedings were conducted with an unusual degree of calmness and a total absence of excitement or apprehension. The Papal Nuncio offered the congratulations of the diplomatic body, and in reply the Emperor briefly thanked him, and expressed his happiness at seeing the representatives of all the Powers around him; adding, "They will be able to bear witness to my desire to uphold those friendly relations so requisite for present and future security."

ITALY.

The King of Italy, according to annual custom, received on New-Year's Day deputations from the Senate and the Chamber. To the compliments of these deputations his Majesty replied:—

Let us all join in good wishes to Italy. The year just expired did not bring to us the benefits which we anticipated. Let us hope that 1863 will be more propitious to us. Trust in me, who have dedicated my life to the national cause. During the past year we had misfortunes. Some persons failed in their duty, and compromised the public peace. In order to progress we have need of concord. Fortunately, we have an army which increases in discipline and organisation every day, and which is the greatest guarantee of our rights. But this army will not be an available force till the Neapolitan provinces, which occupy a large proportion of it, are tranquil. Thus our common efforts should be devoted to this, which everybody must consider the most important as it is the most pressing object. The nation must not delude itself by pleasing dreams, but trust to facts and to resolute acts. Let the Chamber of Deputies trust to me, as I put my entire trust in them.

On New-Year's Day the Pope took the opportunity of publicly manifesting his satisfaction with the Emperor's present policy on the Roman question. On receiving the French officers he eulogised the valour and discipline of the French army of occupation, and invoked the blessing of Heaven on both officers and men. He also alluded to the Emperor and the virtues of the Empress, and expressed much solicitude for the Imperial Prince.

An attempt to get up a reactionary demonstration was made in Naples on the 4th inst. The telegram describes the individuals engaged in the attempt as belonging to the lower class; but amongst those arrested there were two curates, some priests, and a colonel formerly in the Bourbon service. Upon the latter were found documents relating to a revolutionary conspiracy.

The Government is urging the Prefects throughout Italy to push forward the formation of 220 battalions of the National Guard.

SPAIN.

It is asserted that Marshal O'Donnell is determined to dissolve the Cortes and to make an appeal to the country should his policy be opposed by the deputies.

In a recent sitting of the Cortes a senator urged that the settlement of the English coupons should be delayed till Great Britain surrendered Gibraltar to Spain—an event not very likely to happen, though some foreign journals affect to believe it probable, after the offer of England to resign the protectorate over the Ionian Islands. There is, however, no parallel whatever between the two cases, and the one can in no way rule the other.

AUSTRIA.

Count Rechberg has addressed a circular to the diplomatic agents of Austria abroad on Hellenic affairs. In this despatch Count Rechberg states that the Greek question is intimately connected with the Eastern question, and protests against the elevation of an Italian Prince to the throne of Greece.

RUSSIA.

The cold in Russia is almost insupportable, and as no snow has fallen there is no travelling, as sledges cannot move without snow. The wind blows with such violence that on approaching the Neva neither the thickest cloak nor the warmest fur can resist it. The impossibility of travelling by sledge has raised the price of provisions enormously at St. Petersburg, as none arrive, as formerly, by that mode of conveyance. Many of the necessities of life have risen 100 per cent. Accounts from Moscow likewise state that the winter has set in there with unusual severity.

SERVIA.

Advices published in the Vienna papers state that great agitation prevails in Servia. Apprehensions are entertained of fresh demonstrations hostile to the Porte, as well as against the Government of the Prince of Servia.

TURKEY.

There has been a Ministerial crisis at Constantinople. Several Ministers have resigned or been displaced, and their places supplied by others. The details of Turkish Court intrigues, or the names of the "outs" or the "ins" at the Ottoman capital, are scarcely of sufficient interest to be worth giving in full.

ANECDOTES OF KING VICTOR EMMANUEL.—In the good old days of Divine right to do ill an architect built the splendid marble steps of the Royal Palace at Naples, and, as it was found inconvenient to pay him, there was nothing easier than to trump up some excuse and put him in prison. There the poor man lingered until Garibaldi drove out the Bourbons and liberated many of the victims of their caprice. His story, however, being unknown, or neglected in the general frenzy, his liberty, sweet as it was, was embittered by want. It happened lately that a man who played a prominent part in the Revolution had an audience of King Victor Emmanuel. He begged two graces, and first related the facts above reported. "Sire," said he, "I know you can never ascend those stairs again with pleasure until an injustice, though committed by your predecessors, be redressed." The King was much moved, and demanded what sum would be a compensation. "Anything that your Majesty shall order to be paid will be received with gratitude." "Will 30,000 be enough?" "Whatever the King may give; nay, 15,000." On the spot an order was written out for 30,000. "I have a second grace to ask of your Majesty. On landing recently at Messina a beggar with one arm approached me. To my inquiries he replied that he had lost his arm while fighting the battles of his country between Palermo and Marsala; that he was destitute, and had no other means of existence but such as were accorded by charity. I thought it a disgrace that such a case should exist without relief. I took him to my agent, had his likeness photographed; and this, Sire, is the man." Much excited by the narrative the King ordered his Minister to find a post for him, and granted him 2000*l.* for immediate relief. Both sums, it is needless to say, were paid out of the King's private purse. "And now," said his Majesty to this advocate of the distressed, "what do you ask for yourself?" "Nothing, Sire; but if the day shall come when I shall see all Italy united, then I will ask a favour of your Majesty." "Would that all were like you!" exclaimed the King.

A BISHOP'S VIEW OF GARIBALDI.—The Most Rev. Dr. Cullen delivered a discourse in his cathedral at Dublin on the 31st ult., in which he reviewed the old year from his Church's point of view. Referring to Italy, he said:—"One after another the enemies of the Holy See and of religion are passing from the scene of their iniquities. Many of the leaders in the sacrilegious warfare have gone already before the Eternal Judge to account for their misdeeds; many have fallen from the height of their usurped authority never to rise again. Disorder and confusion, robbery and bloodshed, have been the consequences of their crimes; and the unhappy man who was saluted by infatuated crowds as a redeemer, who was hailed as the first of heroes and almost placed upon the altars of Protestant England because he swore eternal enmity to the Catholic clergy and proclaimed the Pope to be Antichrist—this unhappy man, ignominiously defeated by a handful of soldiers, wounded, and taken prisoner at Aspromonte, has lost all his prestige and become an object of contempt even to those who puffed him up with their praises; and he has retired into obscurity, there, it is to be hoped, to weep over his follies and transgressions and to bemoan the many calamities inflicted on his country."

PASSPORTS IN ROME.—A letter from Rome of the 13th, in the *Monitor*, says:—"The numerous complaints which have been for so long made against the formalities to which travellers, both native and foreign, are subjected in the Pontifical States, have at last been attended to. An ordinance of the Director-General of Police declares that from the 1st of January next any Pontifical subject, on application to the authorities of his place of residence, and on payment of two paoli (one franc) can receive a card with which he may travel through all the provinces of the State without having to go through any other formality. Such individuals, however, as are under the surveillance of the police cannot move from one place to another without special authorisation. Foreigners wishing to enter the Papal States must be provided with a passport visé by the representatives of their country. On reaching the frontier they will present it for signature to the proper authority, after which, on payment of one paol, they may remain freely in the Roman States and travel about at their pleasure. The same formality will take place on their leaving the Papal territory."

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

GENERAL NEWS.

There has been a serious Ministerial crisis at Washington, caused by a caucus of the Republican members of the Senate, in which a resolution was passed declaring that a partial reconstruction of the Cabinet was necessary. As the resolution was known to be directed against Mr. Seward, that gentleman immediately tendered his resignation, which was followed by a similar step on the part of Mr. Chase. A committee of the caucus had an interview with the President, at which all the members of the Cabinet, with the exception of Mr. Seward, were present. A warm discussion took place, and the President stoutly defended Mr. Seward as well as Mr. Chase and Mr. Stanton, and finally resolved not to accept their resignations. Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase accordingly resumed their offices, and the Cabinet remained in its integrity.

A bill had passed Congress erecting Western Virginia into an independent State; but this measure the President had not signed, and the Conservative party were using all their influence to induce him to veto it, which it was believed he would do. A bill had been introduced to authorise the raising of two hundred coloured regiments.

President Lincoln had informed the Border State Committee that he issued the emancipation proclamation from a belief that it would effect good results; but, if convinced of the contrary, he would modify his position upon that subject, as he desired to do the best under the circumstances. An idea prevailed that the notification as to freeing the slaves of "rebels" on the 1st of January would be issued, but with modifications exempting certain of the Border States from its operation.

President Davis had issued a retaliatory proclamation, dated the 23rd ult., to the effect that General Butler or any of his commissioned officers, if captured, shall be delivered to the States where they belong, to be dealt with according to the laws of those States. Commissioned officers commanding slaves will be delivered to the authorities of the States where they may be captured. This proclamation is understood to mean that General Butler and his subordinates, together with the other parties concerned, will be tried and hung should they fall into the hands of the Confederates.

There has been little change in the position of the armies in Virginia. The Confederates had abandoned Winchester, in the Shenandoah Valley, and retired upon Stanton. They tore up the rails between the two places, and carried off the iron.

The Federal General Foster had captured Kingston and Goldsborough, North Carolina; but after fighting four battles, in which he sustained heavy loss, and destroying a portion of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, together with a large amount of private property, had retired to Newbern.

The position of the Federal armies in the south-west was exciting apprehension. The Confederates had recaptured the town of Holly Springs, and destroyed 200 waggon, cotton, commissary stores, ammunition, &c., valued at 500,000 dollars, and burnt Union City. The Federals state their loss at Holly Springs at 200 killed and wounded, and 150 taken prisoners. In a raid upon Memphis the Confederates carried off 100 cattle and 180 mules. A force of 7000 Confederates was reported to be advancing upon Columbus, their original stronghold on the Mississippi. It was supposed that the Confederates would make an effort to crush the army of General Rosecrans, at Nashville, Tennessee, recover that place, and defeat General Grant's campaign against Jackson and Vicksburg, Mississippi. General Grant was already so situated that he could not send an order twenty miles in any direction from his own camp.

General Banks's expedition had proceeded to the extreme South, from which it was inferred that it was designed for an attack on Mobile, Charleston, or some of the Southern cities. A rumour prevailed that Banks was to supersede Butler at New Orleans.

It had been discovered that immense frauds have been committed on the Government by the persons raising regiments, furnishing army supplies, maintaining troops, or engaged in other Government contracts.

THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

GENERAL BURNSIDE'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

The following report from General Burnside as to the battle of Fredericksburg, dated the 10th ult., has been addressed to General Halleck, as Commander-in-Chief of the Federal Army:—

General.—I have the honour to offer the following reasons for moving the army of the Potomac across the Rappahannock sooner than was anticipated by the President, Secretary of War, and yourself, and for crossing at a point different from the one indicated to you at our last meeting at the President's:—

During my preparations for crossing at the place I had first selected I discovered that the enemy had thrown a large portion of his force down the river and elsewhere, thus weakening his defences in front, and also thought I discovered that he did not anticipate the crossing of our whole force at Fredericksburg, and I hoped, by rapidly throwing the whole command over at that place, to separate by a vigorous attack the forces of the enemy on the river below from the forces behind and on the crest in the rear of the town, in which case we could fight him with great advantage in our favour. To do this we had to gain a height on the extreme right of the crest, which height commanded a new road lately made by the enemy for the purpose of more rapid communication along his line, which point gained, his positions along the crest would have been scarcely tenable, and he could have been driven from them easily by an attack on his front, in connection with a movement in the rear of the crest. How near we came of accomplishing our object; but for the fog and unexpected and unavoidable delay in building the bridges, which gave the enemy twenty-four hours more to concentrate his forces in his strong positions, we would almost certainly have succeeded. In which case the battle would have been, in my opinion, far more decisive than if we had crossed at the places first selected. As it was, we came very near success. Failing in accomplishing the main object, we remained in order of battle two days—long enough to decide that the enemy would not come out of his strongholds to fight us with his infantry; after which we recrossed to this side of the river unmolested, and without the loss of men or property. As the day broke, our long lines of troops were seen marching to their different positions as if going on parade. Not the least demoralisation or disorganisation existed.

To the brave officers and soldiers who accomplished the feat of thus recrossing the river in the face of the enemy, I owe everything. For the failure in attack I am responsible, as the extreme gallantry, courage, and endurance shown by them was never exceeded, and would have carried the points had it been possible. To the families and friends of the dead I can only offer my heartfelt sympathy; but for the wounded I can offer my earnest prayers for their comfort and final recovery.

The fact that I decided to move from Warrenton on to this line rather against the opinion of the President, Secretary of War, and yourself, and that you left the whole movement in my hands, without giving me orders, makes me responsible. I will visit you very soon and give you more definite information, and, finally, I will send you my detailed report, in which a special acknowledgment will be made of the services of the different grand divisions, corps, and my general and staff departments of the Army of the Potomac, to whom I am so much indebted for their support and hearty co-operation. I will add here that the movement was made earlier than you expected, and after the President, Secretary of War, and yourself requested me not to be in haste, for the reason that we were supplied much sooner by the different staff departments than was anticipated when I last saw you.

Our killed amounts to 1152, our wounded to about 9000, and our prisoners 700, which last have been paroled and exchanged for about the same number taken by us. The wounded were all removed to this side of the river, and are being well cared for, and the dead were all buried under a flag of truce. The surgeons report a much larger proportion of slight wounds than usual, 1632 only being treated in hospitals.

I am glad to represent the army at the present time in good condition. Thanking the Government for that entire support and confidence which I have always received from them, I remain, &c.

THE ADVANCED POST AT FALMOUTH, BEFORE THE BATTLE.

After the recall of General McClellan, and the assumption of the command of the army of the Potomac by General Burnside, it was determined to alter the line of advance upon Richmond from the route by Gordonsville to that by Fredericksburg; and it was arranged by the Commander in the field and Generals Halleck and Meigs, the heads of the war departments at Washington, who visited him at his headquarters for the purpose, that pontoons and supplies should be sent on to Falmouth to meet the army when it should reach that point. These pontoons, however, in consequence of some blundering, the perpetrators of which do not seem to have been as yet ascertained, did not reach Falmouth till long after the army arrived there. A considerable amount of time was thus lost, which enabled the Confederates to concentrate their troops for the defence of the new point of attack, and to erect such works in the rear of Fredericks-

burg that, as the event proved, rendered the attempt to advance by that line impossible. In his evidence before a committee of Congress, specially appointed to inquire into the causes of the late disaster to the Federal arms, General Burnside thus describes his plans and operations up to the crossing of the Rappahannock on the 12th of December:—

On the 13th of November I started the column down the road to Fredericksburg, not knowing anything about the delay in the starting of the pontoons, because the telegram announcing the delay did not reach Warrenton Junction until I had left to come down here with the troops, and that telegram did not reach me until I arrived here on the morning of the 19th, when it was brought me by an orderly, who had brought it down to Warrenton Junction. After reaching here I saw at once that there was no crossing the Rappahannock with the army at that time. It commenced raining, and the river began to rise—not to any great extent, but I did not know how much it might rise. There were no means of crossing except by going up to the fords, and it would be impossible to do that, because of the inability to supply the troops after they had crossed. General Sumner arrived here with his troops in advance. He sent to me asking me if he should cross the river, as he was very much tempted to take his own corps across to Fredericksburg by a ford near Falmouth, as there was no enemy there except a very small force. I did not think it advisable that he should cross at that time. The plan I had in contemplation was, if the stores and those bridges had come here as I had expected, to throw General Sumner's whole corps across the Rappahannock, fill wagons with as many small stores as we could, and, having the beef cattle for meat, then to make a rapid movement down in the direction of Richmond, and try to meet the enemy and fight a battle before Jackson could make a junction there. We knew that Jackson was in the Valley, and felt that there was force enough on the Upper Rappahannock to take care of him. We felt certain that as soon as the enemy knew of our crossing down here the force under Johnston would be recalled, and we wanted to meet this force and beat it before Jackson could make a junction with them, or before Jackson could come down on our flank and perhaps cripple us.

Falmouth thus became the advanced post in the first instance, and the head-quarters of the Federal army afterwards. General Sumner was in command of the vanguard or leading division of the army, and first arrived at Falmouth. In his evidence before the committee, he said:—

On my arrival at Falmouth, on the 17th of November, a battery of artillery on the other side of the river opened upon us the moment a portion of our troops appeared on the ridge of the bank at Falmouth. I immediately put a battery into position, and I think in (not to exceed) fifteen minutes they drove every man on the other side from their guns, and they ran off and left four guns in the field. My orders were to advance and hold Falmouth—not to cross, which I accordingly did till the town was bombarded, and we crossed the river on the 12th of December.

Our Engraving on page 25 represents an outpost of the corps of General Sumner after having taken possession of Falmouth, and previous to the arrival of the remainder of the army.

THE FORLORN HOPE CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

When, after considerable exertions and much delay, pontoons were at last got in sufficient numbers to enable the army to cross, the work of building the bridges became one of much difficulty, as the Confederates had by this time fully divined the intentions of the Federal Commander and taken measures to counteract his movements. General Burnside, in answer to questions from the committee of investigation already referred to, thus describes the process of constructing the bridges and the gallant dash by which the town of Fredericksburg was won—a success, however, which only proved the prelude to a terrible reverse:—

I expected that the bridges would be built in two or three hours after they were unloaded, which was about daylight. Instead of that those on the right were not built until three o'clock in the afternoon, and I had only the means of getting across one division over the bridges on the right. General Franklin's bridges were built about noon, and were held by our troops on the opposite bank. This gave the enemy time to accumulate his forces, which were stretched along the river from Port Royal up to the battle-field, before I was able to order the attack. While the men here were unloading the bridges and putting them into the water the enemy's sharpshooters opened a very heavy fire from the town, and our batteries opened upon the town with a view of silencing them. In this manner the bridges were built about two-thirds of their length, at which time the bridge-builders were driven off and had to take shelter on the bank. Repeated efforts were made to get the bridge-builders out to the ends of the bridges with the necessary materials, but they all failed. It was then reported to me that it was impossible to build the bridges under that fire, and that the sharpshooters could not be driven out of the town by the artillery. We had 143 guns in position, the larger portion of which were playing upon the town. I said to the officers who had reported to me that it was impossible to build the bridges that they must be built, and that some plan must be devised for getting the sharpshooters out of the way, so that the men could get to work. Upon consulting with General Hunt, Chief of Artillery, and General Woodbury, of the Engineers, it was agreed to fill the boats with our own men, run them quickly across under fire, throw them on the bank, and let them go into the streets and houses and drive the sharpshooters away. This plan was successfully carried out, and in fifteen minutes after the first detachment of troops had reached the opposite shore our men began building the bridges, and in half an hour more they were completed.

This is the incident depicted in our Engraving on page 25, and was a movement as gallantly executed as it was boldly planned.

THE FEDERAL DEPOT ON BELLE PLAINS.

Of course, when the line of advance upon Richmond was changed, it became necessary to form a new base of operations, and to accumulate stores at a convenient point sufficient for the supply of so immense an army as that which General Burnside led to Fredericksburg. A place called Belle Plains, near Aquia Creek, near the mouth of the Rappahannock, was the spot fixed upon for this purpose, and here hundreds of thousands of bales, boxes, barrels, and cases of supplies were accumulated as fast as they could be landed from transports, and hauled through the mud by the poor over-worked mules. A view of this depot, the principal one for the supply of the army of the Potomac, is given on page 24. The scene portrayed is highly characteristic, and the Picture needs no further explanation, as, indeed, it explains itself.

FEDERAL LOSSES AT FREDERICKSBURG.

The New York correspondent of a contemporary, who has stood fast by the Federal cause, writing under date Dec. 20, in the midst of "indignation and despondency" increasing in intensity, gives some further information touching the great blunder on the Rappahannock:—

The more we know of that tremendous struggle, the more excuse there seems to be for those who are disposed to despair of the country and the cause. Instead of only 40,000 men having been engaged, as we were at first led to believe, it now appears that the whole army took part in the fray; and that, instead of only 5000 men having been killed and wounded, 13,500 are, at the lowest estimate, the number of the victims of this stupendous folly. It appears that, from early morn until dark night, division after division was hurled against a steep hillside honeycombed with rifle-pits, lined with stone walls and redoubts, bristling with batteries and crowned with woods, and defended by 100,000 men; that at sunset Hooker's reserves, the flower of the army, led by a man whose unconquerable audacity has procured for him the sobriquet of "fighting Joe Hooker," went into action maddened and desperate by looking on all day from the other side of the river at the slaughter of their comrades. After a brief but tremendous struggle of about half an hour's duration the night fell, and they, too, were compelled to retreat, shattered and broken. On the left, where there were no stone walls to hit against, although the position was terribly strong, Jackson was driven on a mile and his first line forced, but at tremendous cost, and as long as the centre was not carried this partial success was useless. The story, as I have it from eyewitnesses, is unparalleled in the annals of military blundering. Every column that advanced against the centre encountered, 500 yards in front of the position which they were directed to carry by the bayonet, the converging fire of upwards of 60 guns, ranged in a semicircle on the heights behind, and the close, well-aimed, and ceaseless musketry of 30,000 or 40,000 men, concealed in the woods, in the rifle-pits, behind the stone wall, and in the adjoining houses. What this meant you may guess from the fact that French's division, which was the first to attack, went into action 6000 strong; it came out with only 1500 men untouched. The other divisions did not suffer quite so severely, but all suffered terribly. There has been nothing like it in the war, except the Southern charge upon McClellan's position at Malvern Hills—another piece of butchery as heroic and as useless. This last one was, however, more terrible, for it united temerity with courage. The carnage began at daybreak, and division after division marched to its fate all day long, each leaving its mound of dead at the foot of the intrenchments, and then straggling down the hill into cover under withering volleys from every crest and knoll within a mile round."

THE NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG, when it was bitter cold, and when hundreds were frozen to death, a friend said to President Lincoln, "There will be terrible sufferings among the soldiers to-night." The President replied with feeling, and no doubt truthfully, "Yes; and yet I would willingly swap position with the meanest soldier in that vast army!"

IRELAND.

SALMON IN IRELAND.—A fish-walk has been made for two miles over the rocky ground between Lough Corrib and Lough Mask, in the county of Galway, at a cost of £650. By this means salmon are now enabled to pass up and down freely. Within the past four weeks no less than 770,000 salmon ova have been deposited in the streams of Lough Mask, in addition to those of last year, making a total of 1,429,000 ova. But in addition to this large supply, forty adult salmon have been conveyed alive a distance of twenty-three miles in a large tub of water, and, by frequently renewing the water on the way, they arrived alive at the end of their journey as they were at the beginning. Those were the first salmon that had ever been known to inhabit the River Robe, a tributary of Lough Mask, which covers an area of ground thirty miles by ten.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.—On the 1st of January Cornelius Hackett, aged 108 years, died in the city of Armagh, possessed of all his faculties. He was born on the property of Lord Charlemont, in the county of Tyrone; and when the French landed at Carrickfergus, in 1760, he accompanied his father (being then six years of age) to the scene of action. This proves his birth to be in 1754, and his age 108 years. Deceased was a sawyer by trade, and, even up to within a few months of his death, was able to move about the street and use the spade or rake.

SCOTLAND.

THE LATE RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT WINCHBURGH.—The report by the Government Inspector as to the late accident on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway has been published. The cause of the event is therein traced to the inexperience of the pointsman, the existence of a divided authority as respects the engine-driver, the absence—in contravention of the rules laid down by the directors—of a "pilotman," who should have directed both driver and pointsman, and certain specified deficiencies in signals.

STATUE OF LORD COCKBURN.—A statue to the late Henry Cockburn, the eminent Scotch advocate and Judge, has just been placed in the Parliament House, Edinburgh. Though comparatively little known south of the Tweed, Cockburn is a name familiar to every Scotchman. He was throughout his long life closely associated with Francis Jeffrey, especially in the institution of the *Edinburgh Review*, and in the early movements in Scotland for political reform. When Jeffrey became Lord Advocate, on the Whigs coming into office in 1830, Cockburn was appointed Solicitor-General for Scotland, and held that office till his elevation to the Bench in 1834. As a pleader, his displays of forensic eloquence are regarded as among the most striking and persuasive ever heard at the Scotch Bar, and his judicial decisions are looked back to with high admiration and respect. But it was as a patriotic and kindly Scotchman, deeply attached to his country and his countrymen, that his memory is most revered in the north. As the biographer of Jeffrey, whom he survived four years, he produced one of the most interesting books in Scottish literature. He was likewise the author of a volume of "Reminiscences of Eminent Persons of his Time," which is replete with characteristic and amusing anecdotes of the leading Scottish notabilities of the period. The statue, which is erected by subscription, is from the chisel of Mr. W. B. Brodie, R.S.A. It is a full-length figure, in the robe of Solicitor-General. The likeness is remarkably truthful and vivid, and the attitude very faithfully represents the placid but dignified deportment of the man. The work is undoubtedly the finest this able sculptor has produced. The following is the inscription on the pedestal:—"Henry Cockburn, born Oct. 26, 1779; Solicitor-General, 1830; Senator of the College of Justice, 1834; died, April 26, 1854." The figure is placed a little to the right of Robilliac's famous statue of Lord President Forbes. The old Parliament House of Scotland (which has been since the Union an adjunct to the law court) has now a series of seven statues, those of Lord Jeffrey and Lord President Boyle, by Steell, being (excepting Cockburn) the latest additions.

THE PROVINCES.

SERIOUS POISONING IN LINCOLNSHIRE.—A serious case of arsenical poisoning has just been investigated at Revesby, a village a few miles from Horncastle, in Lincolnshire. An old woman named Garner died some time ago, and was buried. Owing, however, to rumours of foul play the body was exhumed, and Professor Taylor has found that death was caused by poison, the poison being arsenic. The son of the deceased and his wife have been committed to Lincoln on a charge of wilful murder. Since then the body of a former wife of Garner has been exhumed, and it is found to present appearances of arsenical poisoning.

DISURBANES ON BOARD HER MAJESTY'S SHIP CORNWALLIS AT HULL.—During the past few days the sailors of her Majesty's ship Cornwallis, lying at Hull, have conducted themselves in a very riotous manner. It is the practice for the Hull police to apprehend those sailors who are on shore beyond their leave. These men are called stragglers, and the police take them on board to be dealt with by the commander of the vessel. This proceeding on the part of the police has excited the ire of "Jack," who does not like to have his pleasures curtailed while on shore. A few days ago, when several policemen took on board the vessel numerous stragglers whom they had apprehended, they were received with groans from the crew, and as two policemen were passing along the deck a sailor, who had a small hose, with which he was washing the vessel, suddenly turned it on the officers of the law and gave them a sound drenching. The officer on duty ordered the sailor into custody for this freak, but the officers were again assailed with a shower of missiles from the portholes as they were leaving the vessel. This conduct was immediately brought under the notice of Captain Grenfell, and he has taken the necessary steps to punish the offenders.

A CLERGYMAN CHARGED WITH FORGERY.—A clergyman, the Rev. Joseph Wood, of Clayton-le-Moors, near Blackburn, is in custody, charged with forgery. He was the president of a local friendly society, and £400 of its funds were given to him to invest with the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt. He subsequently produced a receipt, purporting to be from the Commissioners, for the sum of £400. It now appears, on his own acknowledgment, that he only sent £200 and forged the receipt for £400. He is remanded previous to being committed for trial.

SERIOUS RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT KNOTTINGLEY.—A serious collision took place on Tuesday morning at the Knottingley Junction, between the first Great Northern up-train from York and Leeds. The station is approached in a direct line from Leeds, but the York trains run into the main line by a loop from Burton Salmon. The weather was foggy, and on the two trains coming up to the junction they ran into each other with great violence. Two carriages were smashed to atoms, and about twelve persons were injured, several receiving severe fractures. Medical aid was immediately obtained from Pontefract, and the sufferers were attended to.

THE CHURCH.—There are in England and Wales 28 Bishops, 30 Deans, 72 Archdeacons, about 17,000 clergy. In Ireland there are 12 (Protestant) Bishops, 32 Deans, 1536 benefices. In Scotland 7 Bishops, 161 clergy (of the Episcopal Church), with 156 churches. There are 40 Protestant Bishops in the colonies, and 4 Missionary Bishops, and 1781 clergy. The senior English Bishop (the Bishop of Winchester) was a Bishop so long ago as 1826; but the Protestant Bishop of Connecticut was consecrated in 1819, when George III. was King.

SEWAGE OF TOWNS.—The second report of the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the best means of utilising the sewage of the cities and towns of England, with a view to the reduction of local taxation and the benefit of agriculture, has been published, together with analysis of evidence, minutes, &c. The Committee report:—"That it appears, from the evidence laid before them, that the value of the sewage of the cities and towns varies greatly, according to the extent to which the manure and other fertilising refuse of the place is discharged into and mixed with the town drainage, and to the extent of the area of rainfall which flows into the town drains; but when these fertilising matters are not diluted in an unusual degree the sewage is of great agricultural value; that the cost of the application of this sewage depends upon the relation of the town to the surrounding agricultural lands, and to their value and quality; but when these relations are not unusually adverse to the application of the sewage it can be applied for agricultural purposes with profit, either to the town or to the owners of the land. That evidence has also been laid before them to show that town manure can be collected before it is mixed with the drainage, and profitably applied to agricultural purposes; but this application has been too limited to admit of their expressing any opinion on the subject." The Committee think that the information now obtained will enable the authorities in each city or town to deal with the sewage in the manner most suitable to the particular circumstances of the place; but desire to add that the municipal authorities have not at present sufficient powers to enable them to rent or otherwise deal with lands in their neighbourhood for the most profitable application of the sewage in relief of local taxation."

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.—In the wordy war now waging between the Courts of Berlin and Austria, the latter has by no means the worst of it. It is related that on a recent occasion Count Bismarck-Schönhausen, amongst other grievances, made the complaint that Austria was guilty of a grave affront towards Prussia in maintaining a Minister and not an Ambassador at Berlin. "What can I do?" answered Count Rechberg, "the Reichsrath has only voted a salary for a Minister, and in Austria the Crown has adopted the unfortunate habit of abiding by the decisions of the Chamber of Deputies on financial questions."

MR. RAREY, the horse-tamer, has been appointed Commissioner of Horses in the Federal States. His first official act was to go to the army of the Potomac, under Burnside, where he inquired into the health of the horses and adopted a new system to check the mortality among them.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN, it is asserted, while visiting the battle-field of Antietam, ordered an officer, who has very superior vocal powers, to sing him a song; and there, as the story goes, the President regaled himself by listening to "Jim along Josey," in the presence of the buried dead and in the hearing of the uncared-for wounded. This caps Nero fiddling while Rome was burning.

THE REVENUE.

	Quarter end. Dec. 31, 1861.	Quarter end. Dec. 31, 1862.	Year end. Dec. 31, 1861.	Year end. Dec. 31, 1862.	Year ended Dec. 31, 1863.	
	Net Revenue.	Net Revenue.	Net Revenue.	Net Revenue.	Increase.	Decrease.
Customs ...	£ 6,117,000	£ 6,320,000	£ 23,774,000	£ 24,036,000	£ 262,000	—
Excise ...	3,896,000	4,000,000	18,161,000	17,534,000	—	627,000
Stamps ...	2,098,000	2,187,000	8,488,170	8,913,945	425,775	—
Taxes ...	1,282,000	1,270,000	3,119,000	3,148,000	29,000	—
Property-tax ...	2,359,000	2,931,000	9,962,000	11,104,000	1,142,000	—
Post Office ...	910,000	950,000	3,600,000	3,600,000	100,000	—
Crown Lands ...	84,000	86,000	293,479	298,521	5,042	—
Miscellaneous ...	292,039	634,928	1,306,202	2,361,963	1,055,761	—
Total ...	17,068,039	18,378,928	68,603,851	70,996,429	3,019,578	627,000
					Net Increase ... £2,392,578	

IN THE DISTRICTS OF BOLOGNA AND THE ROMAGNA, where a twelve-month ago malefactors had all but gained the upper hand, it is asserted that there is now as much safety for life and property as anywhere on the Continent, or even in England itself.

CHARLES TAYLOR was walking with his sweetheart, near Edgbaston, Birmingham, when a man tapped him on the shoulder, and, saying that he had "wanted him for some time," requested him to accompany him to the police-station. The silly fellow submitted, and on the way the "detective" searched him and transferred Taylor's watch to his own pocket. It was not until his captor loosed his hold and bolted that Taylor detected the trick. The thief got off.

SO MUCH DISTRESS at present exists in the town of Nottingham that the Mayor has issued a circular soliciting subscriptions to "raise a fund of about £1000 for affording relief by the distribution of soup, and in some instances bread, and which are to be given after careful personal inquiries."

AMERICA AND THE DISTRESS IN LANCAIRESHIRE.—A letter has been received by Messrs. Thomas Fielden and William S. Stell, of Manchester, and Mr. Frank Crossley, M.P., from the New York Lancashire Relief Committee, appointing them a committee to distribute the supplies of provisions which are to be sent by the George Griswold and other vessels. The New York committee express a hope that the ships laden with contributions for the relief of the distress will be freed from all harbour dues and port charges. It would, indeed, be creditable if they were subjected to any such exactions.

LIFE-BOT SERVICES.—The life-boat of the National Life-boat Institution stationed on the Braunton Sands, North Devon, was instrumental in rescuing twenty persons from the ship *Louisa*, of Bristol, in a gale of wind and heavy surf on the 1st inst. The ship was being towed across the bar by two steam-tugs, when the warps parted and she drifted headlong amongst the fearful breakers on those dangerous sands. The life-boat of the institution stationed at Budeonness, near Dundee, was also the means of saving three persons from the ketch *Nenah*, of Berwick-on-Tweed, which was totally wrecked on the Alerty Sands, at the mouth of the River Tay, in a strong gale and thick weather on the 4th inst.

THE LATE MR. JOHN JOLLY, farmer, of Enstone, Oxford, has left a legacy of two hundred guineas to the National Life-boat Institution.

THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.

THE French still continue to make slow but seemingly sure advances in Mexico. Late accounts—received through Gallic sources, of course—represent the people as receiving the French with great enthusiasm and hailing them as deliverers. This may be true to a certain extent and of a portion of the populace, but can hardly be so of the bulk of the Mexicans, and especially of the intelligent classes, who are more likely to prefer a native Government, however defective, to foreign domination, however fair-spoken. It is difficult, however, to obtain accurate information on these points, and we must be content to wait till the lapse of time shall allow true history to be written, and the course of events shall have been sufficiently advanced, ere we can judge accurately either as to whether the French are welcome in, or are likely to be beneficial to, Mexico.

The Engraving on page 21 represents the baggage-train of the French army conveying stores from Vera Cruz to Puebla.

THE FRENCH IN COCHIN-CHINA.

THE terms of the French treaty with Cochin-China have already been made public, and, after a long period occupied in negotiation with the least trustworthy people in the world, it is believed that France has secured a definite position in the country. During the past summer the news from Indo-China announced the termination of the war with the Annamites, and we presented our readers with Engravings illustrating the ceremony of signing the preliminaries between Admiral Bonard and the principal mandarins, who brought full authority from the Emperor Tu-Dac. The mandarins Phan-Thank-Hiang, Minister of Commerce and chief of the Embassy, and Lam-Druy-Hiess, Minister of War and formerly Viceroy of Tonquin, embarked on board an Annamite corvette, which was towed by the *Forbin* to Saigon, escorted by ten great junks, each rowed by from eighteen to twenty-eight oars, and by a dozen smaller vessels. The River Hué presented a marvellous spectacle on this important occasion, since the costumes and appointments of the Ambassadors and their suite blazed with every colour of the rainbow, and the reception of the Imperial Plenipotentiary was as imposing as European ideas of state and the circumstances of the case would permit. After having respectfully bowed down before the great seal of France attached to Admiral Bonard's instructions, the mandarins were invited to partake of a collation provided for them on board the *Duperré*, to which they had been conveyed, but stated their determination neither to taste food nor to join in festivity until peace had been declared.

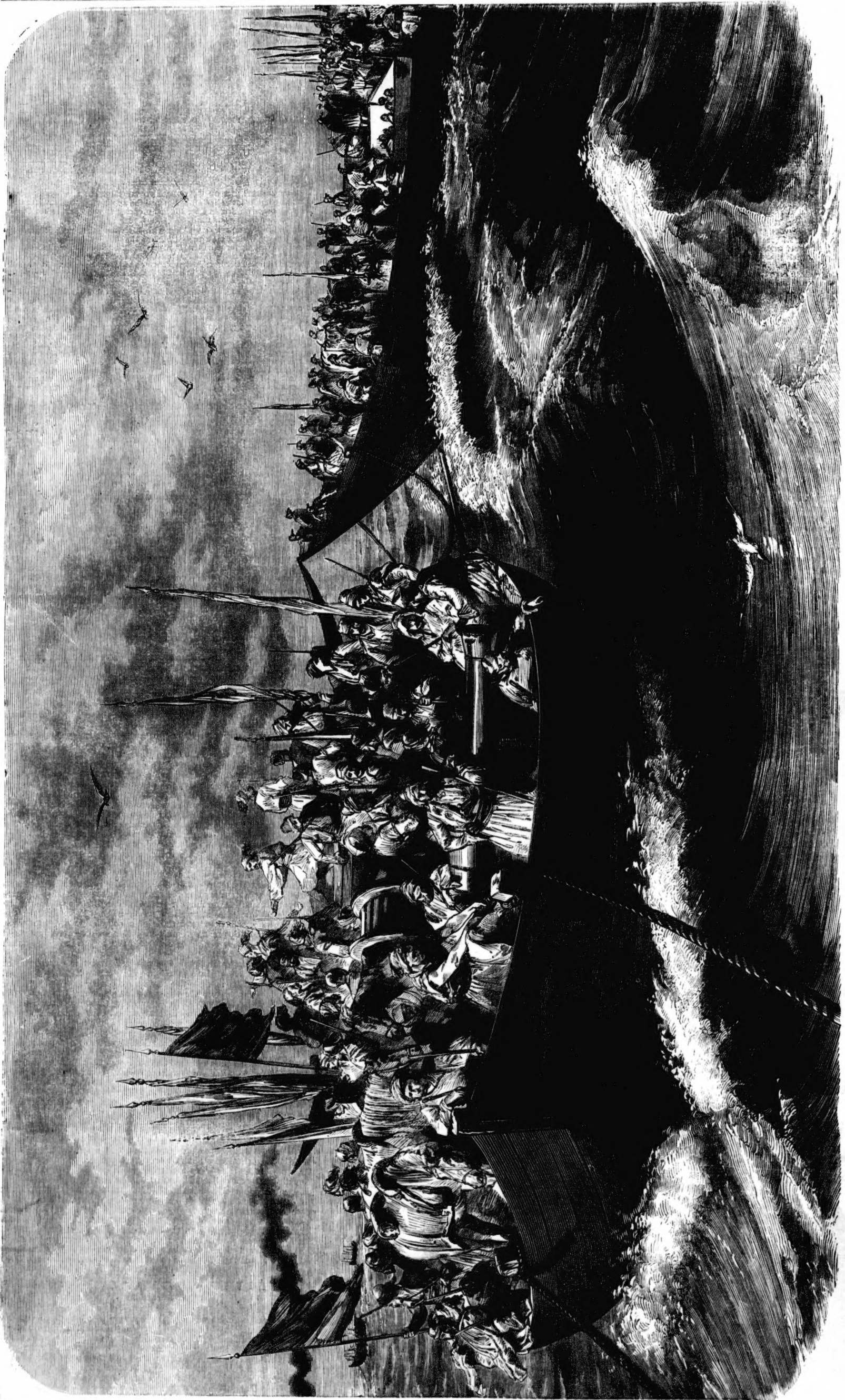
The influence which France has regained over this empire will be of the utmost value, since it will require little to make it a rich and productive colony; while the cession of Bien-Hoa, Gia-Dinh, and Mytho by the terms of the treaty, the war indemnity of 20,000,000 francs, and the liberty of Christian teaching throughout the country, will probably invite numerous emigrants. Of the three divisions, Annam, or Cochin-China, which occupies the middle region, is mountainous, with valleys of great extent, while Tonquin, in the north, and Cambodia, in the south, consist principally of fertile alluvial tracts. The mineral wealth, as far as it has been explored, seems to be considerable; the rivers and seacoasts abound with fish; domestic animals are found in great variety; while the most valuable gums, spices, and dyewoods form a part of the vegetable productions. The name "Cochin-China," given by the French to the entire country, has never been recognised by the inhabitants, who call themselves Annamites, or people of Annam.

ALL SAINTS' DAY IN SPAIN.

WE suppose the Spaniards must be an intensely religious people, and yet lighthearted withal, for they appear freely to mingle amusement with their religion and religion with their amusement. To us denizens of a colder and less-excitable clime there seems no necessary connection between All Saints' Day and a dance; indeed, our notions are rather apt to be outraged by the association; but it would seem that they manage these things differently in Spain. Here is a jolly assemblage of villagers of Castellon de la Plana footing it right merrily on the festival of All Saints to the light of a flaming cresset, and utterly unconscious of any incongruity in the matter. Nor is there; for why should not people be happy on saints' days—even on the day sacred to all the saints—as well as on others?

THE LAST DETACHMENT OF BASHI-BAZOOKS IN MONTENEGRO.

THE absence of those contradictory reports which were perpetually misrepresenting the results of the struggle in Montenegro must be an immeasurable relief to newspaper politicians, and the present settlement of the difficulties there is an almost equal blessing to the whole of Europe, especially as the interest felt in Turks and Montenegrins has been absorbed in the anxiety with which the struggle in America is associated. And yet the fight of the people of the Black Mountain was to some extent a noble one, since they suffered for liberty and displayed a patriotism which could scarcely fail to arouse European sympathies. Indeed, the wild passes of Montenegro



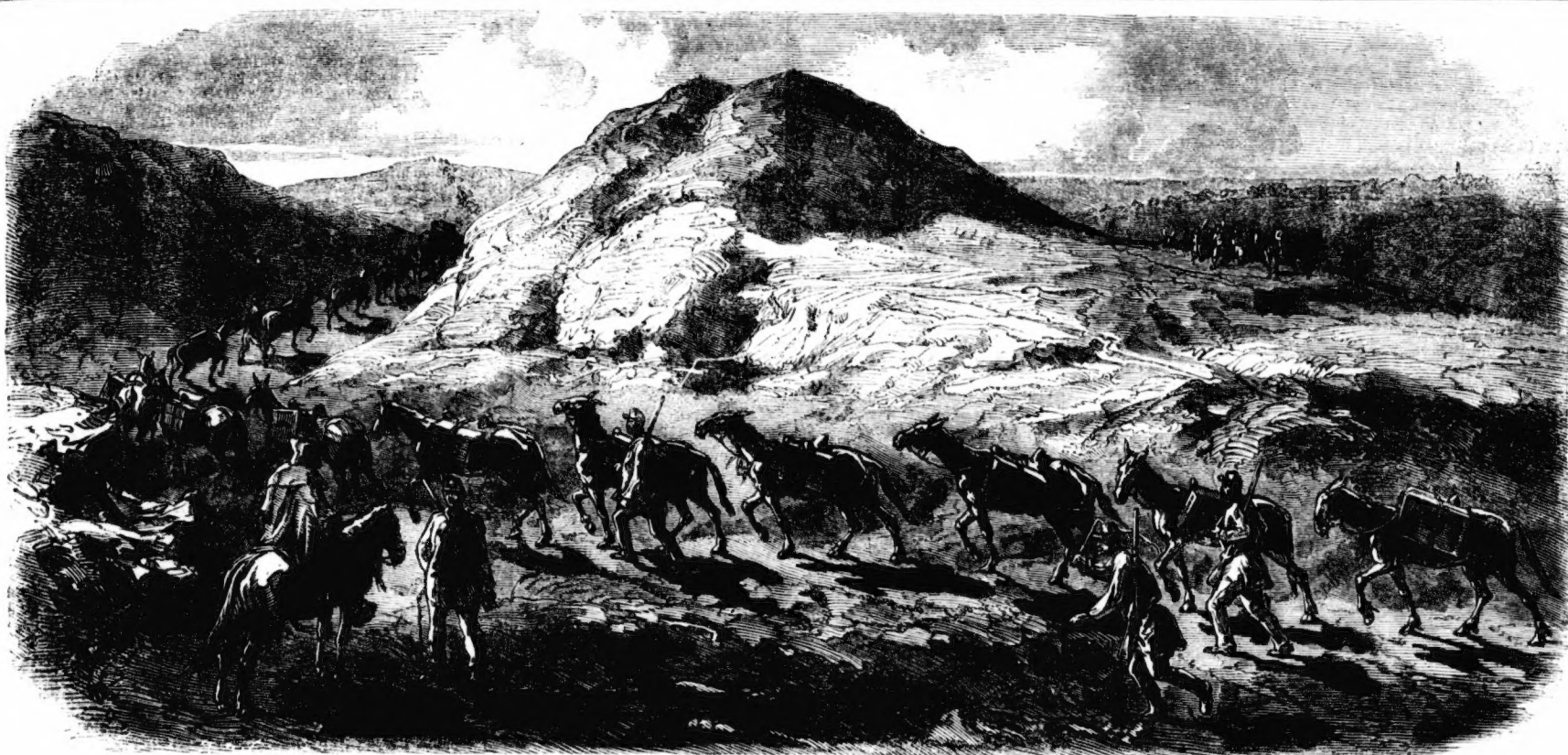
THE LAST OF THE DASHI-BAZOUKS ON THEIR WAY FROM MONTENEGRO.—(FROM A SKETCH BY M. NICOL.)

have been the refuge for the Christians who, under the Turkish dominion, felt that the power of the Musulman is exercised by a sort of geometrical progression, growing more intolerable as the subdued race occupies a position further and further from Constantinople. The fight for Montenegrin independence has been a traditional contest revived in successive ages, and has continued as unchanged in its fierce hate and determination as the

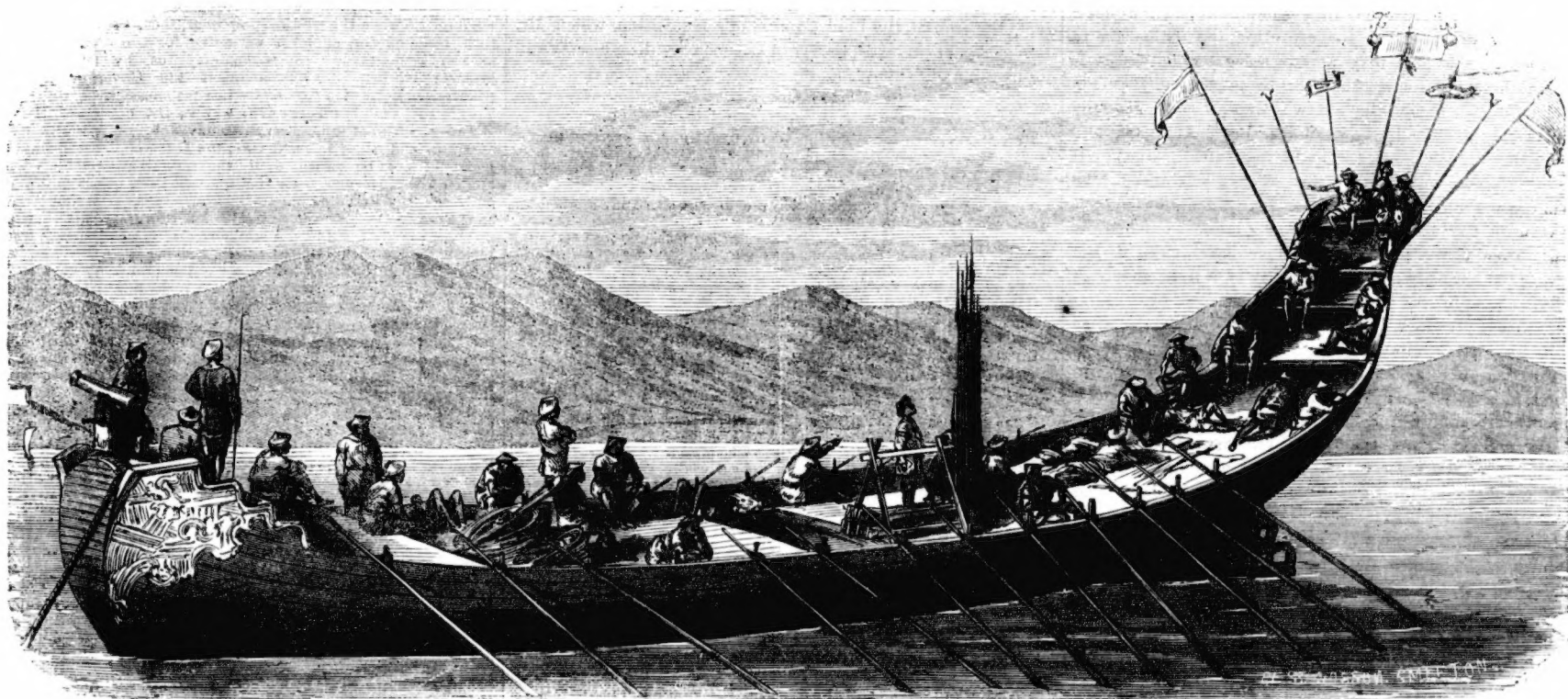
manners and costumes of the people have been unaltered in the depths of their barren possessions. Their campaign—carried on with the old and clumsy weapons which were no match for the well-accoutred Turkish troops, and against the newest improvements in artillery—was an obstinate resistance against the encroachment of the enemy on every fresh foot of ground. Without comforts for the sick, amulance for the wounded, or

proper rations even of black bread for their army, the Montenegrins fought with a desperation which nothing but undaunted courage could have sustained. The terms upon which the war has terminated may be disadvantageous, but they have put an end to a hopeless struggle which could only have been protracted to the injury of the combatants on both sides. Our Engraving represents the last vivid scene in this great tragic drama—

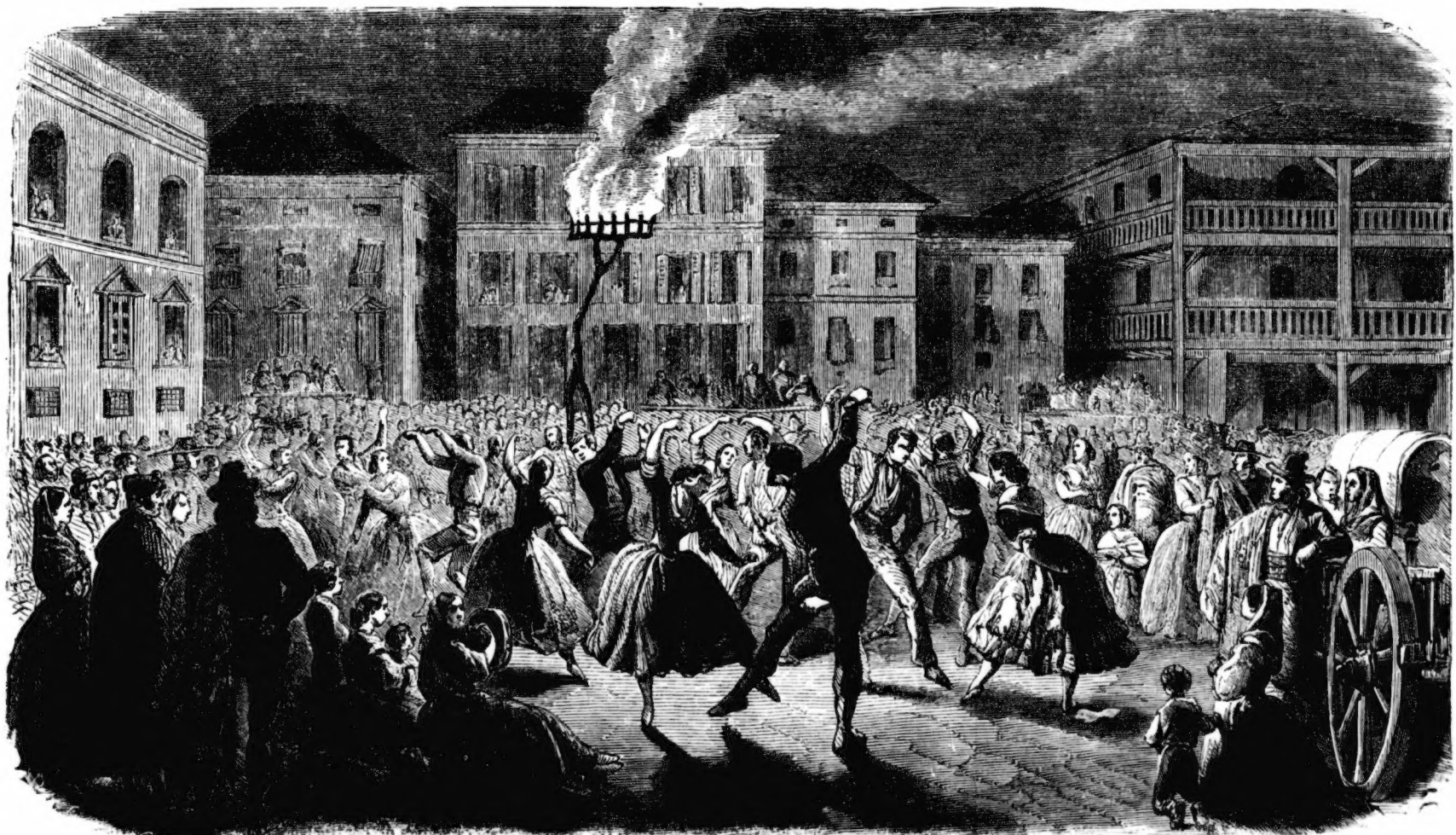
the departure of the semi-savage contingent which had been furnished to the Turkish troops from the Dashi-Bazouks. It will be remembered how celebrated these rude warriors became in the Crimean War, not so much on account of the service they performed as because of their wild and picturesque appearance, and of the strange mixture of race and diversity of appearance which were their characteristics.



THE FRENCH EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.—BAGGAGE-TRAIN PROCEEDING TO PUEBLA.



EMBARKATION OF ARMED ESCORT OF THE ANNAMITE MINISTERS.



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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1863.

UGLY SURNAMES.

THERE has been recently much talk upon the matter of ill-sounding and ludicrous surnames. The subject has been revived during the last few days by a letter which has apparently been written by one of the *Times*' staff, and which, while it pretends to point out a grievance, serves only in reality as an introduction for a list of objectionable surnames, many of which might have been omitted without disadvantage.

Those who believe in the personal existence of "Mr. Bugey, of Bedford," and who do not reflect that the names quoted from the books of the "Prerogative Court" (itself abolished some years since) have been, in all likelihood, in the worst cases, extinct or amended for centuries, the obligation to retain such appellations may appear a legal cruelty. It is true that there is no law whatever to prevent any person from changing his name (the shrewd Hebrew mind has long demonstrated practically how Moses, Levi, Abraham, and Solomon may become Moss, Lewis, Braham, and Sloman); but Mr. Bugey points out that, in cases where official recognition of such change may be necessary, the Lord Chancellor will not grant it until the alteration shall have been sanctioned by custom. Then unfortunate Mr. B. represents himself as left lamenting the hardship and the absurdity of a restriction from doing an act which he is to be only authorised to do after having already persisted in doing it for a considerable time without authority. But, practically, his grievance is as imaginary as his assumed cognomen. Surnames are, in fact, not in any way controlled by the English law, which adopts them simply for convenience of identification. The law neither gives them nor removes them. They are only distinctive titles originated by the people for the purpose of distinguishing one Tom, Dick, or Harry from another. Distinctions of trade, places of residence, epithets of ridicule or opprobrium, were all at first used for this purpose. Will Smith might be own brother to Jack Tyler, and father to Simon Ostler; while Gilbert, Roger, and Peter Oldthorpe might possess no nearer common relationship than that of being natives of the same village. Kings and Princes themselves were not exempt from nicknames, still quoted as "surnames" in every schoolboy's grammar. We have thus had Harold Harefoot, Robert Curthose, William Rufus (or the carrot), John Lackland, Henry Beaulerc, and Edward Longshanks.

We do not deny that any one entering upon modern life with one of the unsavoury names mentioned by Mr. B. (of whose cognomen itself we have known several most reputable persons) labours under great disadvantages, among which that even of constant exposure to ridicule is not among the greatest. We have known an artist of promise who, some few years back, came up to London under a designation as ugly as any of them. But upon his presenting his first letter of introduction he was advised to change his appellation, and did so immediately, to his great advantage. Two English poets—neither of them of mean mark—have suffered by their family cognomina of "Tickell" and "Bowles." We have heard of a young Scotchman who found his career in his own country almost utterly repressed because his name happened to be Cuddie, which is the Scottish synonym for jackass. The ingenious Mr. Charles Lamb once wrote a farce (which he heartily assisted in condemning on its first and only performance) which was based upon the miseries of a Mr. H., whose real surname, the cause of all his woes, was only discovered to be Hogsflesh in the last scene, when he obtained Royal permission to change it to Bacon. We have heard, too, of a schoolmistress who to this day bears the same name as that of the unfortunate Mr. H., but who, for euphony and appearance sake, softens it into "Ho'flesh."

It seems to us that Mr. B., whoever he may really be—and we are not quite sure that he has not less than most people to complain of in the way of restriction, having been at various periods "Jacob Omnium" and "A Belgravian Mamma"—has proved too much for his own case in giving a roll of names of which all the more offensive have certainly been long discontinued. That such have fallen into disuse affords a tolerably forcible proof that people labouring under them know how to deal with the difficulty, unless we can believe rapid extinction to be one of the inconveniences of badly-named families. There are many other surnames, once unpleasant and ridiculous, which custom has rendered familiar if not agreeable. The Highland names, now so suggestive of heroism and romance, were once considered barbarous concatenations of

consonants. Thus Milton, in pleasantly rhyming his defence of "Tetrachordon" as a title for a book, asks:—

Is it harsher, Sirs, than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonald, or Gallasp?
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.

Numerous like instances might be enumerated. The now aristocratic "Grosvenor" was once probably "Gros-veneur"—the fat huntsman—a pseudonym funny enough in its suggestions. "Bacon" was once, at least, as ludicrous as Hog'sflesh itself, but it does not now carry any sound of derision. "Hogarth," a cognate name, was originally Hogherd, and, in the case of the painter's father, Hogart. "Coward" and "Craven" have long ceased to bear offensive significations, since one has been borne by a noble family and the other by a popular composer. "Poindester" (once Point-des-terres) originally announced the poverty of its owner, but is now well-sounding enough.

But the remedy, when a surname is so ridiculous as to be intolerable, is sufficiently simple. The party complaining may adopt another without hesitation. One correspondent asks how he can make an affidavit in a name chosen by himself, and swear that the signature is his name and handwriting. The reply is easy. Let him, in solemn documents such as affidavits, deeds, or wills, describe himself as — (commonly known as —), putting his new designation in the first place and his family name in the second. Of course, no one intending a change of name would initiate it in any such document. A circular to his friends and connections, a few printed cards, and notice to his landlord, the tax-gatherers, and rate-collectors, would be all that would be necessary to lay the foundation of a sufficient "habit and repute" to warrant him in using any name he might choose in the ordinary circumstances of life, and, after a reasonable period, upon any occasion whatever. This is, in fact, the sum of the Lord Chancellor's requisition, which Mr. B. chooses, or pretends, to regard as such a needless cruelty and insuperable difficulty.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH exchanged congratulations through the telegraph on New-Year's Day.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES has been elected a freeman of the Company of Merchant Taylors of London.

THE PRINCE OF WALES took possession of his new estate at Sandringham Hall, Lynn, Norfolk, on Tuesday.

PRINCESS ALICE met with a slight accident on Wednesday, the 31st ult., from the carriage in which she was coming into contact with a cart drawn up by the roadside. The Princess sustained but very slight injuries, and proceeded to Osborne shortly after.

GARIBALDI is daily carried in his couch through his grounds at Caprera.

ABD-EL-KADER, on his way to Mecca, recently visited the works of the Suez Canal, in company with M. de Lesseps.

GOLD is said to have been discovered at the Cape of Good Hope.

THE PRUSSIAN CABINET, according to letters from Berlin, intends reducing the War Budget by two or three million thalers, by liberating all the soldiers who have served for two years.

MR. FRANK CROSSLEY, M.P., and Mr. David Baxter, of Kilmoran, are, it is said, about to receive baronetcies.

A MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE is about to take place between Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart., of Whitburn Hall, and his cousin, the Hon. Elizabeth Liddell, third and eldest unmarried daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Ravensworth.

ONE THOUSAND BOTTLES OF BEER have just been ordered from a brewery at Vienna for the Emperor of Morocco.

JUSTICE CRAMPTON was interred on Saturday last at Mount Jerome Cemetery, Dublin. A large number of distinguished persons attended.

PIRATES are reported between Scio and Smyrna. Her Majesty's steamers Foxhound and Pelican are cruising in search of them.

THE DETECTIVES who were sent to America in search of Hayes, the murderer of Mr. Braddell, have returned unsuccessful.

THE CEREMONIAL OF THE FRENCH COURT, it is generally remarked, is becoming more imposing, and the regulations for the receptions of New-Year's Day more precise, each year.

A GREAT FIRE took place on Saturday last at Louth, in Lincolnshire, by which property to the estimated amount of about £16,000 was consumed.

EXETER 'CHANGE, STRAND, LONDON, has been removed in order to make room for a new music-hall about to be erected on the site.

THE CUPOLA OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE IS TO BE REBUILT. All the woodwork is so worm-eaten that at the first heavy squall of wind the top of the cupola might fall on the tomb of the Saviour.

BLONDIN, it is said, will go for a six months' tour in Italy, for which the adventurous Frenchman is to receive £10,000.

LORD PALMERSTON has accepted an invitation to a public entertainment at Glasgow, which is expected to take place during the Easter recess, when his Lordship is in that city for inauguration as Lord Rector of the University.

THE TRUSTEES APPOINTED TO CARRY OUT THE INTENTIONS OF MR. PEABODY in his munificent gift to the poor of London have visited various localities and selected sites for improved dwellings. Plans have been drawn, and contracts are in progress.

THE MARRIAGE OF Viscount Royston with Lady Georgiana Wellesley, daughter of Earl Cowley, Ambassador at the French Court, will take place early in the ensuing month at Paris.

THE CREDITORS OF THE BANK OF DEPOSIT have succeeded in obtaining £10,000 from the Marquis of Abercorn in liquidation of all demands. The noble Marquis allowed himself to be put on the list of directors without knowing anything of the concern.

A MRS. KEENE AND HER SIX CHILDREN were burned to death in a fire which occurred at their residence in Cottage-street, Portsea, on the morning of the 2nd inst.

GENERAL "STONEWALL" JACKSON had a very narrow escape at Fredericksburg. He was watching the battle, and standing at the time near an oak-tree, when a bullet struck it not more than two inches above his head. The old warrior is said to have continued his observations unmoved by the incident.

THE WEATHER was intensely cold in New York in the end of December, and many persons were frozen to death in the streets.

SEVERAL ETHNOLOGISTS of the more advanced liberal school intend to found a new society, to be entitled the "Anthropological Society of London," upon the model of the Société Anthropologique de Paris.

THE FLAG OF THE FEDERAL CONSUL AT DUNDEE was, during the recent storms, torn in twain between "the stars," so as to divide them into sections of thirteen and eleven respectively—the very numbers which correspond with the States in the two American Confederacies, as arranged and defined by Jeff. Davis.

BELFAST is determined to erect a cathedral for the diocese of Connor. An energetic movement is being made, with the Bishop of the diocese at the head, and the subscription-list is in a flourishing state.

MRS. BILLS, of Leeds, reported to the police a few days ago that she had been robbed of a bag containing £225; but, on the police searching her house, they found the whole sum concealed in a dish-cover hanging on the wall.

THE THEATRE AND ROYAL HOTEL AT PLYMOUTH were nearly destroyed by fire on Monday night. The conflagration originated in the property-room of the theatre after the close of the pantomime, and speedily spread over the whole building, and communicated with the hotel, which closely adjoins.

THE RAILWAYS OF GREAT BRITAIN have cost more than £350,000,000 sterling, and the receipts from them amount to £500,000 a week, or nearly £29,000,000 a year—a sum sufficient to pay the whole interest of the National Debt, but not sufficient to pay expenses and provide a remunerative dividend on the capital invested.

ANOTHER "FEMALE BLONDIN" has been injured whilst following out her hazardous business. She was performing at Northfleet, when, in order to receive her, a man belonging to the same troupe climbed a pole to which the ropes were attached. The pole broke, and both fell to the ground, receiving heavy injuries.

THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT recently appeared in a provincial Irish newspaper:—"Wanted, a handy labourer, to plough a married man and a Protestant, with a son or a daughter."

MR. BRIGHT has accepted an invitation to the annual dinner of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce on Thursday, the 15th inst.

THE CALIFORNIAN MERCHANTS are now paying their debts in legal tenders. By the last steamer one could purchase a draught for 1000 dols. on New York by paying 800 dols. in gold, so that the Californian traders saved just 20 per cent.—a handsome profit, and easily made.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA has been suffering for some days from a slight indisposition arising from a cold, and in consequence was not able to receive personally the congratulations of the authorities, as is customary on New-Year's Day, nor to attend the service in the chapel at Charlottenburg.

THE FIRST NUMBER OF A NEW DAILY PAPER, edited by Father Passaglia, has appeared at Turin; it is called the *Pace*, and will continue the work begun with such astonishing success by the erudite theologian in his weekly organ, the *Mediatore*.

MR. JOHN PENDER, the representative of Totnes, has placed at the disposal of a committee the sum of £1000 to be applied as they may see fit for the general welfare of the inhabitants of that borough.

THE IRON SCREW SHIP-OF-WAR TAMAR was launched from the yard of Messrs. Samuda, at Poplar. She is described as being a smart-looking craft, of 2811 tons register and 100-horse power.

THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY have proposed to the Imperial Government to establish a fortnightly mail communication between England and Australia for an additional £80,000 a year.

JOHN BARTON, fireman at a colliery near Wigan, was murdered one night last week and his body thrown into the engine fire, and there totally consumed—the only remains left being a small quantity of charred bones and some buttons and metal articles which the unfortunate man had about him at the time. Robbery is believed to have prompted the crime, as no trace of a watch and some money which Barton had in his possession has been found.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

"PARLIAMENT is to meet on the 5th of February and to be dissolved immediately." This is Blogg's last. He has it, he says, upon the best authority—"an authority, Sir, which cannot be disputed. The Conservatives mean to try their strength; they will be united to a man, Sir; they will have a large majority; and of course Palmerston will dissolve, and, as it is desirable that the whole thing should be settled before the Prince's marriage, the fight will come off immediately after the meeting of Parliament." Now, of course, Blogg is no authority; he is notorious as a hatcher of canards. It is very rare that he goes to his club without a full-fledged bird fluttering in his pocket, which he has hatched or reared. If this were, therefore, merely one of his stories, I should not notice it; but, as I find that the rumour is rife everywhere, and by a few of our club quidnuncs is believed to be true, a word or two upon the subject. At once, then, I say I do not believe that there is the slightest authority for the report. No move of the kind alluded to is contemplated by the Conservative leaders; neither is there amongst the Government men the slightest apprehension that a struggle is imminent.

It is said that the *cassis belli* will be the cession of the Ionian Islands; which the Conservatives mean to oppose with all their strength, and that, in such case, the Government will be beaten. I should not be surprised if the Conservative leaders were to oppose the Government on this question; but this is hardly a topic on which they would like to test their strength, and if they were to do so my opinion is that they would be defeated. The wisdom of giving up these islands I will not discuss here. It may be wise or it may be foolish to cede them to Greece; but that many of the Conservatives are of opinion that the move is a right one I can confidently affirm, and, this question got over, what else is there on which a fight can arise? Gladstone's great financial policy has been so triumphant that it is hardly conceivable that any cause of war can arise out of the Budget. Some attempts will be made to force the Government to recognise the South, but they will not gain much support from either side of the House. With respect to economy, it is understood that the Government is prepared to submit a reduction of expenditure which will be quite as large as the Conservatives would be disposed to support, however unsatisfactory it may be to the Radicals; and, as to the general foreign policy of the Government, or rather, I might say, of Palmerston, it is quite patent to every one that has his eyes and ears open, that with this Conservatives are abundantly satisfied. "We don't want to turn out Palmerston at present," said a Conservative member to me the other day, "he is doing our work very well—much better than our fellows could do it." All these things, then, considered, and recollecting also that it is Lord Derby's resolute determination not to take office until he can get a good working majority, which he won't see at present, I think I may pretty confidently say that the rumour is utterly groundless. Accidents may happen, of course, for, as Burns says—

The best-laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft a-gley;

but at present there are no signs of a change; and as to a dissolution, Palmerston, as long as he is supported, will certainly not resort to that.

The *Dundee Advertiser* asserts, apparently with authority, that Mr. David Baxter, "the head of the distinguished firm of Baxter Brothers and Co., foreign merchants," is to have a Baronetcy, and that a like honour is to be conferred upon Mr. William Brown, of Liverpool, the head of the world-renowned firm of Brown, Shipley, and Co., and also upon Mr. Frank Crossley, carpet manufacturer, and member for the West Riding. Of Mr. David Baxter I know nothing. Mr. William Edward Baxter, of Dundee, the able member for Montrose, we all know. He, too, is a foreign merchant; the firm, however, is Edward Baxter and Sons. Mr. William Brown is well known. He represented South Lancashire from 1845 to 1859. He is said to be the richest shipowner in the world. Indeed, according to some, he is fabulously rich—rich enough to buy a small kingdom if he were so disposed. Last Session, or it might have been the Session before, Mr. Brown, on a busy night, when the lobby was full, went down, as I am told, to the house, and as the Speaker had not entered but was expected every minute, Mr. Brown stood amongst the crowd. Presently Mr. Speaker came into the lobby with the Serjeant-at-Arms before him, and trainbearer behind in *proprio modo*; and as he passed the crowd, seeing Mr. Brown, he suddenly diverged from the line, dragging his dismayed trainbearer after him, and, to the great astonishment of the crowd, walked up to Mr. Brown and took him by the hand. Of course there was no small hubbub amongst the crowd. "Who could this man so distinguished be?" And when it was learned that it was only a Mr. Brown, the people, who knew nothing about Mr. Brown and his great wealth, were still more perplexed. That he is to be created a Baronet is quite certain, as he has stated as much with his own lips.

Mr. Frank Crossley, who is also, as rumour will have it, to be dubbed a Baronet—or a Barneet, as the Irish members phrase it—is a very likely man to have this honour offered him, and a very likely man to accept it if it be offered. He, too, is awfully rich, though nothing like so rich as Brown. Mr. Frank Crossley is a Dissenter, attends duly a dissenting chapel at Halifax, and occasionally "gives out" the hymn there. Dissenting Baronets are something new in history, and not common even now. We have, however, one in the House already—to wit, Sir Morton Peto. Mr. Crossley is an aspiring man. He has a house in Eaton-square; has got himself into Brooks's Club—the first dissenting manufacturer, probably, who ever got into that exclusive circle; and if he should get a baronetcy and become Sir Frank; and his wife "My Lady," his cup will indeed be full. Within a certain range he is said to be very clever. It is owing mainly to him that his firm has achieved such eminence and made so much money. He has the faculty, it is said, of organisation and the courage to adopt at all cost every improvement in manufacture which turns up; and thus, by diminishing the cost of the article to the minimum, his firm has shot ahead of all competitors. In his early days, it is said, he worked as a hand in the mill, and wore the wooden clogs.

Touching the controversy on the subject of Mr. Disraeli's connection with the *Representative* newspaper, I have this to report from the *Athenaeum*:—"Mr. Sheahan, author of a 'History and Topography of Buckinghamshire,' submitted to Disraeli a sketch of his life for correction. Mr. Disraeli, on returning this sketch, says

(Mr. Sheahan does not say whether verbally or by letter), "I have made it a rule throughout life never to correct a misstatement respecting myself, provided it did not impugn my honour; but when utterly erroneous statements are submitted for my sanction, I hope there is no egotism in my presuming to correct them; as, for example, the constantly-repeated story of a newspaper called the *Representative*, in which I never wrote a single line, and never was asked to write a single line." *Cadit questio*. Let us be thankful that another falsehood has been sent packing out of the world.

What are we to do with our convicts? It has been suggested that we should send them to the Falkland Islands. In charity to the Governor-General, the Colonial Secretary, the Surveyor-General the stipendiary magistrate, and the colonial chaplain, I had entertained a hope that this suggestion would be adopted, for really their case is a very pitiable one. What they do over there I cannot imagine. I suppose there is shooting, and probably fishing; but these employments can only be followed in fine weather, and in bad weather their ennui must be distressing. These islands were regularly colonised in 1840—that is, a staff of officers was sent there. It was thought that vessels would call there to victual, but the speculation has not been answered. In 1849, twelve called; in 1850, twenty-three. The cost of the islands is somewhere about £5000 a year; the revenue about £500. But Captain Burton has suggested in the *Times* that the Cameroon country, on the Atlantic side of Africa, would be better for the convict. The place is not unhealthy; and, guarded as it is by fever on one side, and negroes on another, who for a bottle of rum would bring in any fugitive, and the sea on a third, it would seem to be a very suitable location for the purpose. However, as Captain Burton has had an invitation to dine at Broadlands, we doubt not he will talk the matter over with the Premier.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE new year brings with it but one new weekly periodical, the *Reader*, which calls itself "a review of current literature," and which, if it fulfil the promise of its first number, will be an acquisition to the book-loving world. A short and modest prospectus tells us that it is "totally unconnected with any publishing firm;" and, though there cannot be the smallest reason to doubt this assertion, rumour states, and the well-known initials signed to some of the articles show us, that the contributors have previously collaborated in *Macmillan's Magazine*. Professor Maurice, Messrs. Kingsley, Hughes, Holt Hutton, Dicey, and Lindow, form a powerful staff in themselves; and supplemented, as I understand they will be, by new men, unbacked by perpetual scribbling, they will probably make the *Reader* a great organ in literature. One grand thing to be said for them is that, though essentially a clique, they have never yet allowed a sectarian spirit to warp their judgment or to prevent their outspokenness; and if we really get a liberal literary journal, free from personal bias and class prejudice—we certainly have not one now—we shall have reason to be grateful. The opening sentences of an article (bearing Mr. Hughes's initials) on the late Prince Consort will show the style and tone of the first number:—

The late Prince Consort was up to the time of his death a decidedly unpopular man. This fact has been kept in the background during the last year. Public writers have shied it, and the nation has shunned past it with averted eyes. Now that we know what kind of man this was who was sent to fill so thankless and arduous a place amongst us, we try hard to forget it—are heartily ashamed of it when we allow ourselves to remember it at all. And it is well that we should feel thus; for assuredly we ought to be ashamed of it. And it is not well to pass the matter by lightly; on the contrary, this is just one of those humiliating facts which it would do us good to look more fairly in the face, and to ask ourselves how it came to pass that one of the noblest and purest men who ever filled high place in England was looked upon with coldness and distrust by our generation. Let us hope we may learn by so notable an example that honouring good and great men while they live is a worthier deed than building their sepulchres.

That is both "bould spaking" and good writing.

It has for some days past been rumoured, but erroneously, that Mr. Froude was about to secede from the editorship of *Fraser*, which he has held since Mr. Parker's death. Mr. Froude is a profound scholar and a brilliant writer, but as an editor he certainly has not shone, and the magazine, under his guidance, has been very difficult reading. *Fraser* must command a splendid selection of copy, but the testing-faculty is rare. What is certain, however—and this is probably the origin of the other rumour—is that the magazine is about changing its proprietors. Messrs. Longmans, it is understood, are in treaty for it. Apropos of editorships, Mr. James Hutton, long and favourably known on the London press, has been appointed editor of the *Bengal Hurkaru*.

THE MAGAZINES.

The *Cornhill* is worth a shilling this month, were it only for Mr. Frederick Greenwood's charming verses, called "Good Night" (quoted in last week's *ILLUSTRATED TIMES*), and which ring with melodious pathos. It is scarcely fair to print such heartbreaking stanzas as these in a magazine which must go into thousands of homes where their burden will rake up old memories and cause scarred sores to burst out afresh; and yet they are far too good not to have been given to the world. "The Science of Garotting and House-breaking" is a paper that will be read with very great interest; it is evidently by some gaol chaplain, who has obtained from the "lamb" temporarily under his charge a thorough description of their ways, and he reproduces all he has learnt in a very plain and taking manner. His account of the science of garotting as practised by the "front and back stalls," and the "nasty man," as the actual operator is not inappropriately named, is enough to frighten any one. In this article are woodcuts of the clever instruments used by burglars. Miss Thackeray's "Story of Elizabeth" is concluded in this number. As a first attempt, it is remarkable for its singular fidelity to nature, and the Pre-Raphaelite limning of the minor domestic events in a very dull life. No commencement could have been more promising. Miss Thackeray is a little of Miss Yonge's school, but has many qualities which Miss Yonge lacks. Mr. Trollope's "Small House at Allington" continues clever, and one's hatred for the priggish hero, Mr. Crosbie, is intensified. The rest of the number is very dull. There is a horribly wooden paper on "Society," and the usual "Survey of Literature and Science" contains a very disparaging review of "Lady Audley's Secret." One would have thought it better taste to have avoided any depreciatory reference to a writer who is the chief attraction on a rival magazine.

The most amusing contributor (without intending it) to this month's *Blackwood* is undoubtedly Sir E. B. Lytton, whose "Caxtoniana" takes the form of a story instead of an essay—a story of the fine old Bulwerian type, with a Bulwerian metaphysical hero with a Bulwerian name—Sir Percival Tracey—who talks the fine old Bulweresque language. "A Month's Visit to the Confederate Headquarters" tells us nothing new, repeating merely the horrors of the war and the hatred of the South to Northern rule. "A Sketch from Babylon" is a description of swell-life in London, which will probably pass current at Edinburgh, but which, so far as it goes, reads like Mrs. Gore badly imitated. "Salem Chapel" is concluded in this number, which also contains a clever review of Mr. Thomas Trollope's Italian novels.

There is a very pleasant and agreeable number of *Temple Bar*, with no great purpose, perhaps, but forming amusing reading. The tone of Mr. Sala's "Breakfast in Bed" would lead one to believe that his supper the previous night must have been of an unwholesome character, so bellicose are his diatribes. It is, however, a capital paper, witty and quaint to a degree. The "Blind Man's Visit to the International Exhibition" is a very interesting contribution, told with great modesty, but marked by perspicacity, and not marred by such reticence as would be expected. Its chief charm is that it is actually the record of what the narrator experienced, not what he heard expressed by others. In an article on "The Newspaper Press of America" we get a full account of the infamous James Gordon Bennett, and some curious insight into the state of Yankee journalistic literature. "Aurora Floyd" is concluded; but "Captain Dangerous" has not yet wound up the narration of his adventures.

The new monthly part of *Good Words* comes to us with a fine array of contributors' names. Dr. Guthrie, Dr. Caird, and Dr. Macleod are each going to contribute a series of religious essays; while Mr. Anthony Trollope does the lay portion and contributes a novel. In the current number there are also articles by Mr. Kingsley, Mr.

Oliphant, Sir D. Brewster, and A. K. H. B. There is a tolerable illustration by Mr. Millais, and a preposterous exaggeration by Mr. Pettie; and there are some very sweet and very earnest verses by Miss Adelaide Proctor.

To the publishing of magazines there is apparently no end. Here is a new one, *The Churchman's Family Magazine*, capably printed, well illustrated, and, if I may judge from the one article I have read, called "Trollope and the Clergy," very well written.

The *Medical Critic and Psychological Journal*, edited by Dr. Forbes Winslow, contains an excellent and varied collection of papers on subjects connected with the particular branches of investigation to which this publication addresses itself. In a paper entitled "Dangerous Classes" the writer treats of a very different race of beings from those who are just now frightening the public from its propriety. It is neither the thieves, the burglars, nor the grotters whom this writer treats as the "dangerous classes," but "the timid, the irresolute, the superstitious, the eccentric, the wayward, who possess sufficient acuteness or plausibility to protect them from the imputation or consequences of folly, but are incapable of discharging adequately the duties confided to them; who mar or leave unfinished all they undertake; who interrupt, or clog, or render nugatory the world's business, the plans of the wise, the promptings of the philanthropic; who, without malice or machination, even without a clear conception of their fatal defects, spread defeat and misfortune and misunderstanding wherever they go; and, like the physician who carries infection to those who seek his aid, they are most dangerous where they are most trusted, and where they are most solicitous to be worthy of trust. They are the precocious, who exhaust; the perverse, who misuse; the romantic, who idealise their powers; the incompatible, who are neither in harmony with themselves, their families, society, nor the world; the standstill tardigrades they have been named, past whom rushes the stream of improvement and amelioration without notice or advantage; the fast, who endeavour to outstrip time and enjoyment and experience." To another article, "Medical Certificates in Lunacy," the recent Hall trial gives peculiar interest; and I quite agree with the writer that that case ought to be "a lesson to the medical faculty." On the whole, the number is excellent.

Mr. S. O. Beeton has altered the form of his *Boy's Own Magazine*, which has now become a very respectable-looking sixteenpenny periodical. This first number of the new magazine—for it is essentially a new one, although retaining the title and associations of an old favourite—begins with a fresh historical romance from the pen of Mr. J. G. Edgar, entitled "Cressy and Poitiers; or, the Black Prince's Page," written with all the vigour of style and close adherence to historical accuracy which have long made the author a popular and successful instructor of youth; while the other contents of the number, including the first instalment of a lively Norse tale, are of a most varied, instructive, and interesting character.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The pantomimes are in full working order, and are attracting enormous audiences. DRURY LANE is nightly thronged, and COVENT GARDEN has only room in its numerous private boxes. By-the-way, the acting of Mr. W. H. Payne is something extraordinary; his action when the Beast has been re-transformed to a Prince, and when Mr. Payne evidently wants to make his acquaintance and take his arm, is the quintessence of pantomime.

The ADELPHI pantomime is capital; the opening is well-written and admirably acted, so far as Mr. Toole, Mrs. Mellon, and Mr. C. J. Smith are concerned. But one feels that an actress of Mrs. Mellon's position is misplaced in a burlesque character now, and that the execution of comic songs winding up with jiggling dances is beneath her dignity. The transformation scene is the prettiest yet seen in the new house, and there is a funny English Clown, two clever tumbling Frenchmen, a pretty Columbine, an agile Harlequin, and a capital Pantaloon.

The ST. JAMES'S management has withdrawn Mr. Byron's fairy-piece, and substituted a new and clever drama founded on that grand subject which the author of "Lady Audley's Secret" has just made so popular—bigamy. The heroine is admirably acted by Miss Herbert, who is well supported by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews and by a new actor of promise—Mr. A. Stirling. The author is Mr. Rose, better known as that clever entertainer Mr. Arthur Sketchley.

Literature.

Lady Morgan's Memoirs, Autobiography, Diaries, and Correspondence. 2 vols. W. H. Allen and Co.

We may begin by recommending these volumes to readers as belonging to a class of books never too numerous, and growing less and less numerous under the pressure of times at once speculative and exciting—the kind of reading which, without being quite empty, can be taken up and laid down without effort, and leave in the reader's mind echoes not too stimulating to obstruct his afternoon nap—unless he voluntarily sets to work, there and then, to exhaust their suggestions. In this case the readability of the matter has not been interfered with by the smallness of the type, and Lady Morgan's surviving contemporaries may, almost without spectacles, refresh their recollections of her or her times by turning over these pages. To each volume, too, there is an index—an index, as distinguished from a mere table of contents—which is a great comfort.

And now for a word or two of small criticism. We have noticed, in the reading, a great number of misprints, of which we now only remember one, that on page iv., where the word "course" is printed "cause." There are also a few negligences in the writing, e.g., "She disliked the idea of dying very much." The transposition of the two adverbs to their right place—the neighbourhood of their proper verb—would remove the impression which this sentence, as constructed, leaves upon the mind of the reader; namely, that Lady Morgan would not have minded a little dying, but disliked the idea of "much" of it. And the whole of the paragraph from which this passage is taken may serve as an example of the kind of weak, thin, writing which now and then occurs.

The portraits of Sir Charles and Lady Morgan, prefixed to these volumes, will be new to the general reader; and that of the lady is unspeakably charming. The hands and ears are a little too large, if Sir T. Lawrence is right in his copying; but the face is of tormenting loveliness, and nobly surmounts the breathing bust. There is the true Irish throat, chastely rich, without being voluptuous. The shoulders are concealed by the scarf; but one is reminded, by the "cut" of the short-bodied frock, of the joke attributed to Curran about the fashion of those days. Unless, too, our memory fails us, it was Lady Morgan who was the beautiful butt of the jest, though we do not see the anecdote in the memoirs before us; perhaps because it was not true. But the story is that Curran and the lady, having had a little sparring at an evening party, at which the latter appeared "fashionably" dressed—that is to say, with the merest straw round her exquisite shoulders—Curran broke off with, "Well, there's one comfort; you can't laugh at me in your sleeve." The likeness of Sir Charles Morgan is a very amusing specimen of lady's portrait-painting; the stock, the shirt-wristband, the coat-collar, and the elegant wax hand being done to perfection. However, it gives you some idea of the man, who is underrated, we think, by Miss Jewsbury, the editor of the present memoirs, under Lady Morgan's literary executor, Mr. Hepworth Dixon. He seems to have been a person of ability, both in his profession of medicine and out of it. As a physiologist, he was in advance of his time, and the fact that he lost great part of his practice on account of his metaphysical opinions is enough to show that, if he erred, he had one characteristic of mental greatness—the courage to follow out his own logic, lead him whithersoever it would. That such a man as Sir Charles got along happily with such a woman as Lady Morgan—who, as a thinker, was infinitely below Mrs. Barbauld—is a puzzle not worth staying over. The vulgar notion that contraries agree best in marriage being false, it is plain that some temperamental concord which escaped the eyes of common observers was at the bottom of the passionate, lasting love of this

curious couple. To have known them intimately would have upset Mary Wolstonecraft's rash generalisation that passion cannot continue to exist after marriage.

The story of Lady Morgan's life has been often told, and lies in a small compass. She was born, of poor parents, somewhere about the year 1776, and at about twenty years of age, inspired partly by the idea of contributing to the support of the family, had made her first literary successes. These consisted chiefly of novels, strongly marked by a sort of Irish Waverism. The disposal of her first books led her into curious enterprises—such as coming up to London all alone—and curious correspondence with publishers, as may be imagined. She soon became a lioness in her way, shook her beautiful mane in "society;" and, under the wing of Lord and Lady Abercorn, saw the best "life in London" which those days could show her. Having been a sort of "companion" in the family, the Marquis and his wife took a fancy to her, and her career was soon made a very easy and agreeable one. She flung off from her floating skirts, as she moved along, more love than is offered to most women in a lifetime, and was at last literally driven into the trap of the marriage with Morgan. Parson and book having been got ready, all on the sly, in the very house, one dull morning, the Marquis sent his compliments to the governess and requested she would walk upstairs. And so the sweet victim was hauled to the sacrifice, gently murmuring, perhaps, as she went; and the madly-impatient Morgan was made happy. It is not often that a man in love has such good, or at least such transportingly obvious, reasons for being impatient, though Lady Morgan was then about five and-thirty years old.

In the sequel of Lady Morgan's life her chief troubles seem to have arisen from her publishers and her critics. To her publishers she was, we think, unfair and exacting. She made more money than her literary merits entitled her to make; and we do not doubt that Colburn was, as he said he had been, a loser by the book he referred to. He took a mean revenge; but publishers are not the bad people they are made out to be by flighty authors. As to Lady Morgan's critics, she had reason, being a "liberal" politician, to expect abuse in those coarse days, and she gave Croker (in her "Counsellor Crawley") as good as he brought. Her best books were, perhaps, those which she wrote about France and Italy, though "Florence MacCarthy" and "O'Donnell" may still be read. In 1837 a pension of £300 a year was granted to her by the King, at the solicitation of Lord Morpeth. In 1843 her husband died. After having been for many years a centre of association to literary men and women in London, she herself died, at Knightsbridge, on the 16th of April, 1859. It is hard to say what wit and personal beauty in a woman will not do; but it would take talents of a very different size to make, in this generation, such a *succès d'acclamation* as that of Lady Morgan.

In 1869, while yet Sydney Owenson, the "Wild Irish Girl" was the means, by persistent personal intercession, carried on through the Judge, of saving the life of an embezzler, in whose offence there were extenuations. Her whole career, full of kind actions as it was, contains nothing more honourable. By-the-by, in turning to this story, we have recovered another of the misprints. On page 357 (vol. i.) *interview* is printed *interim*.

We may perhaps conclude this notice by quoting Lady Morgan's Colleen Bawn story:—

THE REAL ORIGINAL COLLEEN BAWN.

We talked of the good but coarse Irish novel, "The Collegians." The story is a fact, and not only a fact, but the trial of the hero, and the whole melancholy event, was given by Curran in the *New Monthly Magazine* just after it happened, in much finer style than in "The Collegians." The hero was a Mr. Scanlan, a dissipated young man in the county of Limerick; his family are what the peasants call "small gentry," we, "gentry." His uncle, Mr. Scanlan, was High Sheriff last year; Curran dined with him the day of the hero's execution. Curran said the uncle's sang froid and indifference were frightful; he shrugged his shoulders, tucked his napkin under his chin, said, "it was a sad business," and called for soup. In this one may discern the same temperament as in the nephew, the murderer.

The fair, frail girl whom this Munster Lothario had seduced robbed her uncle of eighty pounds at his suggestion—satiety and avarice were his motives to marry her. She had given him forty pounds, he wanted the rest, and to get rid of her.

When he had sent her off in the boat with his servant, who was first to shoot and then fling her into the Shannon, he lurked about the shore waiting his return. To his dismay, he saw the party row back—she, all smiles and fondness, extending her arms to him. The servant, taking him aside, said, "I cannot kill her! Sure, when I had the pistol raised, she turned round with her innocent face, and smiled so in mine; I could not hurt a hair of her head, the crathur!"

Scanlan took him to a public-house, primed him with whiskey, gave him a fresh bribe, and sent him off once more with his victim to sail on the Shannon—waited his return on the shore, and *saw him come back without her*.

The other anecdote was this:—The gaoler of Limerick had been an old and confidential servant in the Scanlan family, and had nursed this young man on his knee.

When the moment of execution arrived, and he knelt down to knock off the iron, his tears dropped over every link, and, looking up in the young man's face, said, "Ah, Master John! when I nursed you in these arms, in your father's house, little ever I thought this would be the office I should do for you."

Scanlan died with a lie on his lips, denying the crime. He had been condemned on the strongest circumstantial evidence; but shortly after his death the servant, who had murdered the girl at his command, was taken up for another murder and hanged. He gave every link that was wanted in the chain of evidence, and related the whole story a little before his execution.

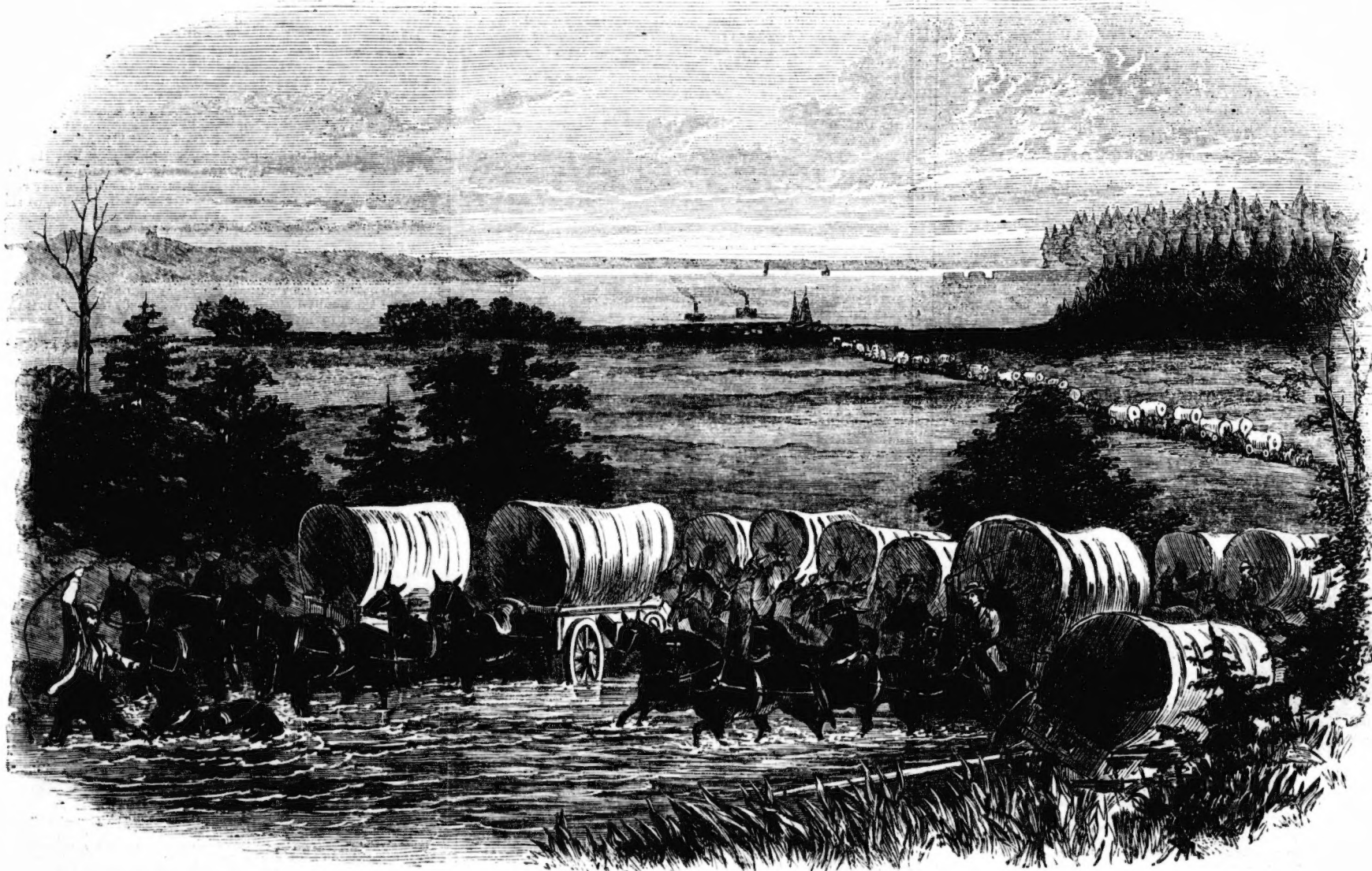
Memoir of General Graham. With Notices of the Campaigns in which he was Engaged from 1779 to 1801. Edited by his Son, Colonel JAMES J. GRAHAM, Author of "The Art of War." R. and R. Clark.

The interest of this book, printed at Edinburgh for private circulation, is of a peculiar character, turning chiefly upon the late General Graham's desire to explain the circumstances under which his friend Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon paid away, during the American War of Independence, certain money the expenditure of which the Government auditors refused for a long time to ratify. That money was spent in efforts which proved successful to secure the release of Captain Agill, a young officer who was condemned by Washington to be shot. The circumstances under which he was so condemned are not creditable to that commander, and the correspondence between him and British officers upon the subject exhibits him in the light of a narrowminded, obstinate person. In retaliation for the murder of one Huddy, an American captain, Washington resolved to kill some English prisoner. Finding none of the ordinary class, he determined to shoot Agill, who was one of a number who had surrendered. This is contrary to every instinct of honour; and it appears that the authorities on international law confirm the voice of those instincts. The utmost that can be said for Washington is that he was reluctant to take Agill's life; but so he ought to have been, and it was not to his credit that he ever formed the resolve.

We were not previously aware of the existence of the shocking "tariff" referred to in this passage:—"Captain Lippencot, or the officer who commanded at the execution of Captain Huddy, must be given up, or, if that officer was of inferior rank to him, so many of the perpetrators as will, according to the tariff of exchange, be an equivalent." This is from Washington's letter to Sir H. Clinton. The existence of such a "tariff" is, surely, one of the most dreadful incidents of war.

In the anecdotes of the Dutch campaign (!) of the Duke of York there is one which is rather amusing. A Dutch General who had a good billet in a house where was some capital wine with a yellow seal in the cellar received orders to move his brigade immediately. He called in his Aide-de-Camp and asked how much of the yellow seal was left. So many bottles, said the Aide-de-Camp. The General asked how long it would take to finish it. "Oh, till to-morrow afternoon, was the answer." "Very well then," said the General, "give out an order to march at two o'clock to-morrow!"

There is also a rather odd story about a wound received by Graham himself in the West Indies. A ball went right through his middle: the wounds were dressed, but he did not recover, the orifices keeping open and remaining in such a state as almost to preclude hope. He got to Edinburgh, however, and at the illumination for the battle of Camperdown the smoke of the torches and candles made him cough up a piece of cloth! After that he got well. He seems to have been a brave, kindly man, who deserved to be held in honourable remembrance.



BELLE PLAINS, ON THE POTOMAC.—GENERAL BURNSIDE'S PRINCIPAL COMMISSARY DEPOT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.—(FROM A SKETCH BY T. R. DAVIS.)

NEGRO-DRIVERS IN THE FEDERAL ARMY.

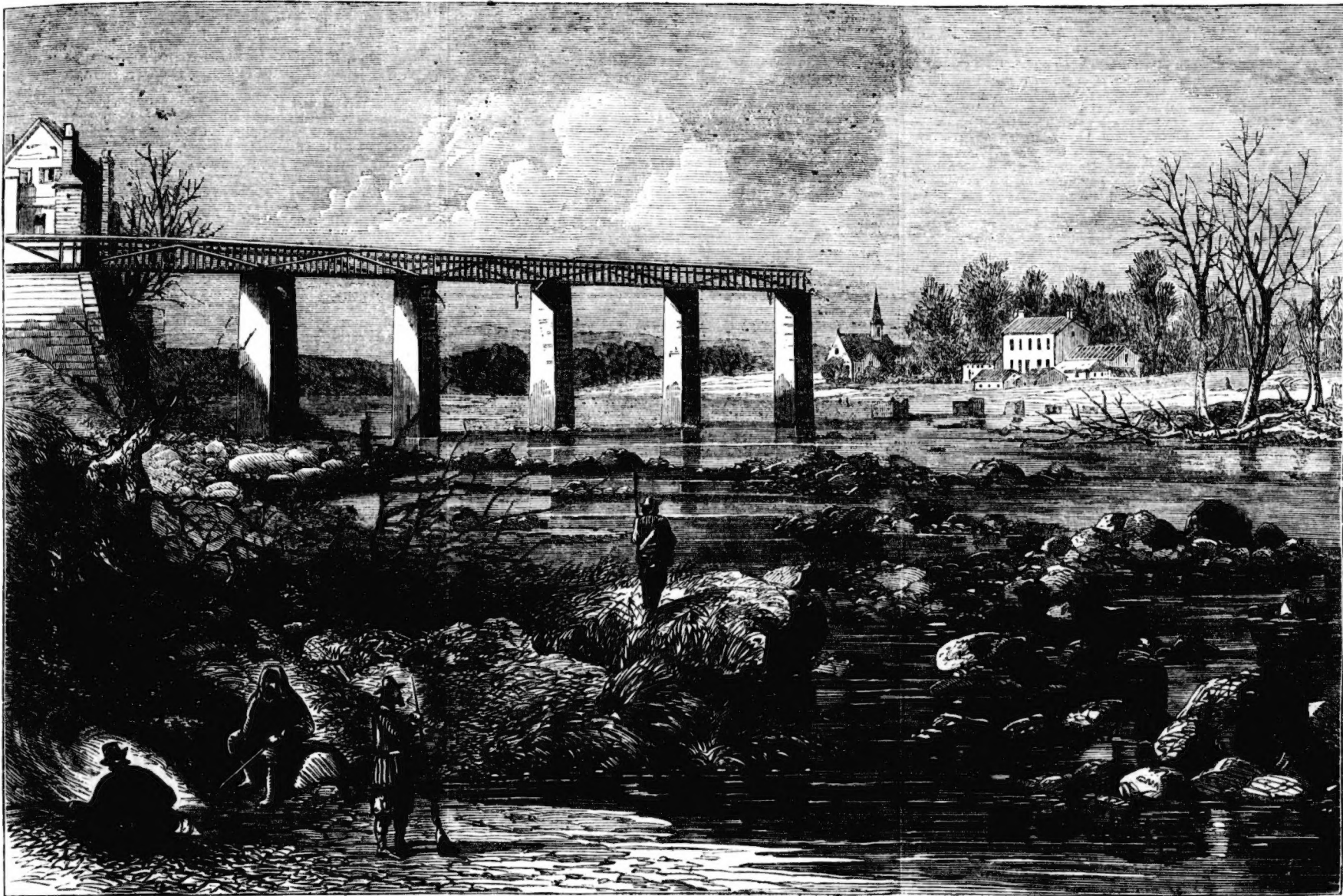
THE announcement has several times been made that the Federal Government had organised large numbers of fugitive negroes into regiments, and intended employing them in the attempt to conquer the South. A great deal of flourishing and parade was made about this scheme in several of the Northern newspapers, but very little advantage appears to have been derived from it; indeed, it seems doubtful whether any serious efforts to convert the negroes into fighting-men have really been made, except by General Hunter, who

after having, it was said, succeeded in drilling about 50,000 "contrabands" into what was called "a very effective state of discipline," suddenly found, when he made a movement as though he meant to send them to the seat of war, that the whole noble army had gone off to the "rebels," and carried their arms and accoutrements with them; and so ended the attempt to make the negroes fight their old masters and help to win their own freedom. Perhaps the following story, which we copy from an American newspaper, may throw some light on the causes of this untoward result, and at the same time

explain the feelings entertained by the coloured people in reference to the war. During the time when Kirby Smith (Confederate) was supposed to be beleaguering Cincinnati the coloured population were in a condition of agitation not second in demonstrativeness to that prevailing among white folks. An incident took place at one of their "war meetings" which is characteristic. The able-bodied coloured men were debating the propriety of tendering their services to the Government as volunteers for the war. The prevailing impression had been that they ought to do it, and their patriotic emotions were



NEGRO DRIVERS OF THE BAGGAGE-TRAIN ATTACHED TO GENERAL PLEASANTSON'S BRIGADE WATERING THEIR MULES IN THE RAPPAHANNOCK.—(FROM A SKETCH BY H. LOVIE.)



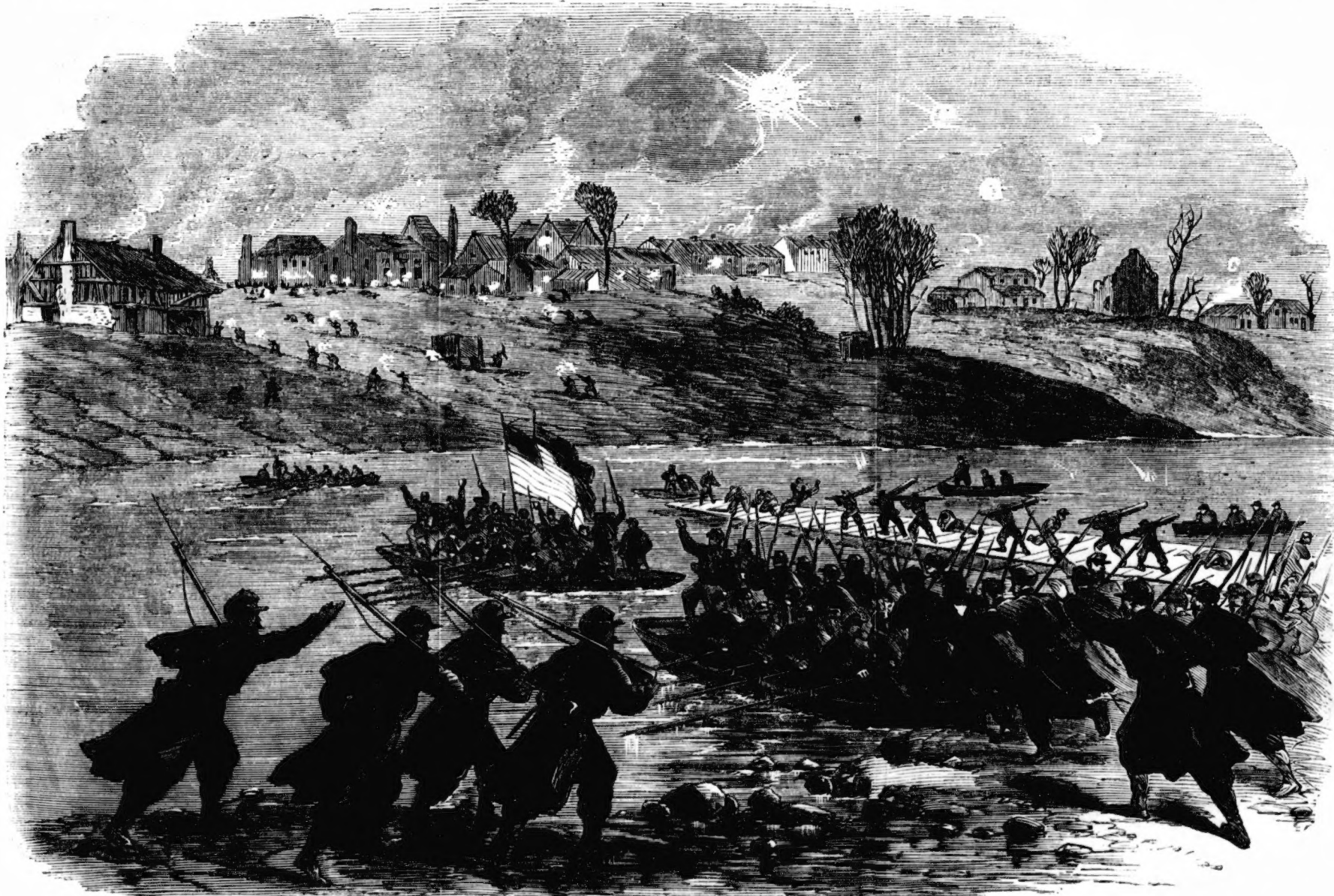
ADVANCED POST OF THE FEDERAL ARMY AT FALMOUTH PRIOR TO THE PASSAGE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.—(FROM A SKETCH BY H. LOVIE.)

at high African temperature. But, before the vote was taken, a tall and very black fellow produced a sudden revulsion of feeling by delivering himself as follows:—"I'm in favour of goin', and will go in a minnit if we go permiskus with white men. I'll tell you why I'm for goin' permiskus. If we go permiskus we'll have fair play. But let 'em get a reg'ment all of niggers, and dey put 'em in de fore front of de battle, and bese sides kill every one of 'em. I say so, sah (rolling his eyes around the audience), and I ain't goin' dat way sah.

I ain't goin' a step, 'less I go permiskus. No, sah." The able and eloquent Ethiopian subsided, and a solemn sensational pause followed. The eyes of the assembled darkies snapped white and wild at the idea that to go in any other way than "permiskus" was certain death. And as they thought the chances of "goin' permiskus" were not brilliant, the meeting adjourned without taking action.

But if the negro cannot be induced to fight, except "permiskus," he is made to give his aid in other ways. The formation of intrenchments,

the building of fortifications, the general labour of the camp, and the care of the commissariat trains, are devolved upon him in both armies; and our Engraving represents the forage brigade attached to General Pleasanton's Federal cavalry, consisting of mules under the care of coloured drivers, being taken to the river to be watered. The work these mules are capable of performing is enormous, while they are easily fed and, under the care of their tolerably diligent; though somewhat noisy sable attendants, they are exceedingly docile and manageable.



THE FORLORN HOPE CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK TO DRIVE OFF THE CONFEDERATE RIFLEMEN.—(FROM A SKETCH BY H. LOVIE.)

OUR FEUILLETON.

VISITING MY WIFE'S RELATIONS, AND ITS RESULTS.

THERE is a certain grim consolation in knowing that there is no game at which only one can play; but that is, after all, very unsatisfactory to the second player when he is made to play. I happened to marry into a quarrelsome family—married at leisure and repented in haste, simply because, although rowing is delightful amusement sometimes, it is unpleasant to be always at it. The last fortnight has aroused in me passions but little suspected to be latent. Virtues have vanished, vices are victorious. Where is my chivalry, my generosity? Gone, gone! because one sister of my wife has red hair, because another sister's voice reminds the hearer of a door moving on rusty hinges. Why am I spiteful and bitterly sarcastic? Because a girl can't play the piano so well as my wife; because she has high, bony shoulders, and a complexion fatally productive of hot spots. There! She may read that, if she knows how to read, and marry a big, hulking farmer as soon as she pleases. She shan't come to London to my house to plant herself on any of my friends. She affects to deride them as "fine gentlemen;" but I know she'd precious soon give up the farmer if I'd present her with a captain in a marching regiment. Captain, indeed! She'd jump at a sergeant; but, by Jove, she don't get as much as a drummer-boy out of me, as sure as my name's Jack Robinson!

My wife is the youngest of about seven (not that I ever counted them), all girls, and not good-looking girls either. But you know how a couple go on. It is just like luck at cards; you must cut a trump at last. And so, after half a dozen of about the ugliest specimens possible, the seventh, the last, the youngest, the dearest one of all, grew up to be about as sweet a girl as you could kiss in all Goucebury. Eyes of fire, lips of dew; gentle, affectionate, accomplished. In all those matters, and in many more, she has got her share and all her sisters' shares; and they have got her share of envy, hatred, uncharitableness, &c.; for, indeed, it is impossible to discover a fault in her.

I met her, stranger, upon life's rough way, at a friend's house, and after a time married her, seeing and knowing just as little about her family as possible. You don't marry the mother, nor the sister, nor the aunt, nor the cook, nor the whole tribe of them. They shan't come to my house; and I don't think they'll ever catch me in their again. About three months after our marriage there came a letter from them—certainly very civil, but still unpleasant. "Bessie must be moping herself to death in that horrid *Owland-street*!"—that is how she spelt it—where we had got the upper part of a house over an auctioneer's, nicely furnished, and our own, and that famous artist's window in the first floor, indispensable to me, and the distinguishing feature of the neighbourhood. I don't see what there is to laugh at in Tottenham-court-road; and it is very convenient. Well, they wanted us to run down for a month. It was autumn, and they were not far from the seaside, and so on. And then, by Jove! there came a hint that, as we had plenty of spare room, a couple of the girls would not mind returning the compliment by paying us a visit—they had heard so much of a London winter. I like that. They shan't come to my house.

"What do you say, Bessie, puss?"

"I should like to see my papa, but I won't go if you don't wish me to."

Girls always stick to that final proposition. I think it gives a charm to their innocent conversation, little things! A slight defect is not unfrequently dangerously beautiful. Men of very sound constitutions have often been knocked completely over through the simple accident of a white spot on a hazel eye. And everybody knows how seductive a mole is. Bessie was not more than eighteen, and, indeed, she was as simple as eight.

I gave way. Not to have gone would have been to declare war. But war it has been. One fortnight of eternal scimmages, with a great deal of execution done, much barricading in bedrooms and retreating from breakfast-tables. Amongst the killed was one enormous family punchbowl, a plate-glass door, seventeen cups, plates, and saucers, and a great glass globe of gold-fish. You should have seen the little sprats sprawling on the drawing-room carpet! I did that—and quite accidentally. I just gave the farmer one push, because he was too familiar. But poor little Bessie fell a-crying—the favourite occupation of virtuous women when pitted against viragoes. The wounded were numerous and curious. A warning-pan was sent into hospital with a fracture of the shoulder joint, and a very pretty silver-gilt card-basket became hopelessly dislocated in the handle. One unfortunate thing, a Cupid holding a torch, as a candlestick, met a Garibaldian fate by getting his foot shot off, and the poor fellow goes upon rivets to this day. Rivets! There were hundreds wanting. A nick-nack of some kind lost one of three knobs, which could not be found, so he has to be content with an artificial limb—consisting of a common cork fastened on with sealing-wax. But amongst the breakages, they made a failure with my heart and Bessie's also; but they were successful enough in fracturing my peace of mind for a whole fortnight.

We had not been there a day before I saw the coast clearly enough. The girls were old and single. Spiteful and envious, they hated me for having preferred Bessie to them; and they hated Bessie because she had got a husband, was handsome, and had had all the important experience of three months of London married life. I always pity the poor old girls who have younger sisters married. How the little matrons crowd over them, and take revenge for the thousand and one slights which will happen to young people from their elders. But, mind, Bessie was incapable of such conduct. She was a feminine angel amongst demonesses. And then, as for papa and ma—old Mr. and Mrs. Darnley—they were all right enough, but soured and cragulous through the long course of nagging they had experienced at the hands of their six daughters. Bessie had been their only consolation, and I had deprived them of Bessie. Their one fountain had been dried up. They had played the beautiful tones of the deepest affection upon one string, and the string had snapped. Their "fondest, dearest one" had almost perished to them. "The nursing of their latest widowhood" had refuted in a stranger's nest. Poor old people—poor old man, poor old woman! It is best to be as kind as possible, parents and children. There is a vast amount of moving going on in the world; and who has never awakened more than one morning to the consciousness of something forgotten—some "touch of hand, turn of head," some whisper, some assent—that would have so altered the whole case? And this awakening is always hopelessly too late. "Somebody" has departed this life, and his "juggage" is littering who knows what transcendental portal? And so, my dear papa, my own mamma, did not look upon little Bessie's husband exactly in the light of their guardian angel, but rather like the south wind that had borne the blight upon its wings—as the spirit that had broken their crutch, that had stolen their compass, unshipped their rudder, or left them naked to their enemies. To some people there never is such another wretch living as the man who has stolen their darling. He has done it purposely; and all for the sake of having to work just twice as hard—to support an extravagant beauty or dummy, as the case may be; to have to sleep on the sofa at certain periods; to endure a houseful of squalls; and some day to know how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child. A fortnight of family fighting makes a man somewhat savage. In a year or two, perhaps, I shall be delighted that the lady of the house takes care of the purse which I fill. If there should be not a squall, but a little treble like a guinea-pig, and a face like thy mother's, my fair child, somebody may not be such a grim old bear, after all. But, really, those six girls would destroy the sweetest temper; they would provoke any saint—even Lawrence, if they attempted to grill him upon Emmeline's red hair.

I have seen a ship steam out of port, and in a moment become invisible amidst the leaping foam of the angry harbour-bar. But never before did I see a peaceful lady and gentleman, aged eighteen and twenty-five, so swiftly glide from out serenity to dash their noses deep into discord. "Here, steward, everybody's unwell! Bring—oh!"

The first round began at dinner-time. They had been at her

boxes, Bessie's boxes, and were already wearing her dresses and things. Things I myself had given her were actually adorning—Well, bracelets and chains were twining around such wrists, such necks! They saw I noticed them, soon enough.

"See what I've found!" says one, playing with a locket. "See, John, what a beautiful bracelet: Bessie's give it me!" another says, flopping a splay hand almost into my plate. "Oh, brother John" (brother, indeed), says a third, "I want you to give me something for me to give Mr. Turmut." This was Emmeline, the red-headed one, and Turmut was the farmer she was going to marry.

"Why should I?" I replied. "He didn't give us anything when we married. And, besides, there's plenty of time. The parson hasn't begun the service yet, and Turmut may change his mind."

Upon my honour, that girl had the coolness to get up an artificial faint. Down she went on her back. But I was up to it, and emptied a couple of water-bottles over her until she was quite soaked—spitting, and sneezing, and snorting like a grampus. Of course they all set on me at once, and called me, with one or two honourable exceptions, all the names they could think of. But, never mind; I had managed to give them all a tolerably good sprinkling; and, as Turmut happened to come in the very midst of it, you may be sure that he was not spared his fair proportion. But I must say this for Turmut, that after having seen for a whole fortnight what Emmeline's temper towards myself could be, he candidly confessed to me that he will not marry her, even if they bring an action for breach of promise. So she's settled nicely. They spoiled my dinner amongst them that day; but afterwards I systematically went on eating, and always reserved my most nagging observations for little pauses when fresh things were coming up, and so on. A hungry quarrel does you no good. Always lay in provisions previous to a battle.

In another round, as it may be called, the largest-footed girl of the whole lot stumbled up against Bessie, tore her frock to bite, and burnt her hand with a candle. It was evidently done on purpose; so, while I was pretending to smooth matters over, and swear that it was all an accident, I just contrived to give the candlestick a tip up, and down it went. The woman's skirts were set on fire, of course; but I contrived to quench the flames with some remarkably handsome new window-curtains, which I tore down for the occasion. But the carpet was not improved by the grease, and the handsome china candlestick was smashed. Upon the whole, that was the prettiest drawing-room encounter we had. The gold-fish accident was nothing to it. The next thing was to insist on calling in the family doctor. The girl had got a tremendous fright, to be sure; but she was not hurt. However, I thought it as well to persuade old Pills to make her keep in bed for a time, and give a lot of nice bitter things by way of restoring her tone. He fell in humorously, and we lost sight of the patient for a whole week.

Of course they were all anxious about the father's money, and did not want to have any of it left to my wife. Indeed, they openly said so. Old Mr. Darnley was tolerably well off, and could give them—say, a couple of thousand all round. He had made his way by money-lending, always on good property as security; and so, when the girls let out their mean, mercenary spirit, my cool reply was, "Oh, we don't want your paltry two thousand. Besides, we may turn pawnbrokers ourselves some day." Such a row! Off they trumped to tell the governor, and wasn't he in a rage!

"Mr. Robinson," says he, "recollect whose house you are in. You come into my house, marry one of my own daughters, and treat the others even worse still. If I hadn't conducted my business on sound banking principles I should like to know where that bottle of port would have come from? You burnt one of my girls, Sir; I saw you do it. And then drawing-room curtains wouldn't fetch—ay, I wouldn't let you have five pound on 'em after you've been and—"

Here he had let out the pawnbroking with a vengeance. He turned as red as a turkey-cock in the gills, whilst I was ready to burst with laughter, and little Bessie was in floods of tears. Well, it was entirely his own fault—of course I was sorry enough—but the poor old buffer had a slight touch of apoplexy that lasted him a good four days. When at last he could manage to speak without having a rush of blood to the head, he coolly announced his intention of reconsidering his will.

"If you do so, Sir, I will promise never to speak to one of the whole lot again. No more shall little Bessie here, as sure as my name's Jack Robinson, and there's no reconsidering that!"

And down came Mr. Robinson's fist like a sledge-hammer upon a little ornamental table which that gentleman knew to be invalid in a vital part. Down it all smashed, and much substantial damage was effected, I assure you.

"By Jove, you shall pay for them," roared the father.

"Why, you've been paying yourself all along. There's my shirts and collars on your man, and my wife's caps, and ribbons, and aprons and things on your maids. That locket there is my wife's. So's the watch, so's the bracelet, so's the chain. Your daughters have all been plundering their sister, who swears she never gave any of them, and would not part with them for the world. And, what's more, I'll have them back. But Bessie shall send them things quite as good as soon as we get to *Owland-street*." And we did get them back; but we are not going to be such a pair of stupid as to send the people anything. They've had quite enough plunder as it is.

In a fortnight we came away. There was no enduring it any longer. Both old people had taken to their beds, and we could hear their scolding and broken bellpells all over the house. There was nothing eatable for breakfast, and the wine had been cut off. Things were left on the stairs, letters were never delivered, and there was never any water in the jugs. I am not a quarrelsome man, but I like to have both my boots polished—not one and a half only. And when I give a sovereign, I expect some change. I own to thinking a well-regulated family a well-regulated nuisance; but I cannot stand a bear-garden. Here we are in *Howland-street*, Bloomsbury (if you please). The cab will soon be at the door to take us to the theatre, with an order, for we really want a refreshing evening after that terrible stormy fortnight. Let us see the results of visiting my wife's relations. A large sum of money (not that we want it) probably lost to us for ever. Three people in sick beds, and two women burnt. A marriage engagement broken off, and a breach-of-promise case to follow. A hundred-pound note would not cover the damages in breakages, curtain spoiling, carpet greasing, &c. To say nothing of the utter annoyance, every moment of their lives, to ten human beings. Not bad for a fortnight's work! Perhaps they think I'll come round—do they? Ah! and invite a couple of the girls to come and see us. No! If ever they set a foot in my house, my name is not Jack Robinson.

"Now, my dear—cab's at the door. You'll be all night putting on that bonnet!"

E. F. B.

TO A YOUNG LADY ABOUT TO WRITE A NOVEL.

AND so, my dear, you are going to write a novel? I heard this piece of news with a little surprise, because, whatever abilities one has, it is impossible, as Marmontel says, to paint portraits until one has seen faces; and I know that your experience of life has been very limited. It is possible, indeed, that you may have one short, intense story to tell; but I hope not, my dear, for, if so, it is pretty sure to be a sad one. I suppose the real state of the case to be, that you are going to enter upon a course of training as a novelist, of which course this first effort is to be the modest beginning—that you mean it to be modest; and that you mean also to confine yourself to what you have really felt or seen others feel. And, since you ask me, I will give you the best hints I can upon the general subject.

I take it for granted that you have exercised yourself a little in the mere art of storytelling. But I think I can suggest something new in that particular. A very good plan, to commence with, is to take up in your own mind a tale of acknowledged merit at some point a little before the end, and, working from that point, to try and vary the catastrophe without running into improbabilities or incongruities. Let me show you what I mean. You know the story of "Silas Marner?" A well-to-do man neglects, for many years, to acknowledge his child by a wretched vulgar wife, because he fears it will obstruct his path to marriage with another woman.

In the meanwhile the child is brought up by the poor weaver, Silas Marner; grows accustomed to poverty; and takes root, by her affections, in the scenes in which she is placed. Her real father, having at last got married to the woman he loves, steps forward to claim his daughter from her foster-father. But she will not stir; she marries a peasant lad, and stays in the old place. Now, who does not see that this ending might have been varied, and quite naturally, in at least two ways? In the first place, a sort of compromise was possible under the actual circumstances of the girl's refusal and her father's clumsiness—a compromise which would have involved no untruthfulness either among the parties or before the world at large; and, in the second place, the father might have proceeded in a different manner. He might have gone on for a few years befriending the girl and Silas in an emphatic though not obtrusive manner; and then his child, accustomed to his presence and moved by natural gratitude, might have received, along with her foster-father, the news of the real fatherhood in a more consenting mood. Well, if you were to try and end "Silas Marner" in either of these ways, you would be introducing (in musical phraseology) "disorder" which would call for processes of "preparation" and "resolution;" and in going through those processes you would be making, in my opinion, first-rate studies for your own purpose. If you want another illustration of my meaning, take "The Mill on the Floss" of the same author, and vary the close. Instead of cutting a hard knot by killing Tom and Maggie in an inundation, try and carry out the notion which crossed Dr. Kenn's mind now and then. Marry Maggie to Stephen Guest; and then consider what is to be done with Lucy Deane, Philip Wakem, and Tom Tulliver. Tom you may marry to Lucy, for obviously he is in love with her; but what will you do with poor Philip, and with Tom's relations to him? I pick out these two novels because they are among the very best, and in some respects of unapproached excellence, and you will find that it is the best works of fiction which admit of the greatest variety of endings, just as true stories do.

II. I presume, if I were to ask you what is the one thing you have positively settled in your own mind, you would answer me, "Why, to be true to human nature." Very good, my dear, but which human nature? The human nature of Pericles or the human nature of the costermonger in the street? The human nature of Aspasia or the human nature of Mrs. Gamp? Human nature means countless millions of beings, spread over the whole surface of the globe at any given moment in ten thousand ages; it takes in you and me, and the pre-historic man. If you say that the points in which men and women agree, and have always agreed, are more numerous than the points in which they differ, I answer, Probably; only that may be an open question. But if you are really going in for being true to human nature in that high sense, there is uphill work before you, unless you have broader and more commanding gifts than I am yet aware of as being possessed by you. Very easy, however, will be your task if you purpose being true to nature in the sense which is usually chosen. Judging from what I see in newspapers and in the lower order of successful story-books, I come to conclusions such as these about human nature:—Human nature likes good eating and drinking at other people's expense; it likes to come into possession of The Hall, and the estates, and a very large fortune; it likes to have somebody to persecute; it enjoys a mean revenge; it likes to have a base property in the souls and bodies of "beloved" objects; it will pay almost any price to be flattered, and it is especially fond of that sort of flattery which masks itself as scolding—because then, you know, it is able to pretend to itself that it is being preached to. On the whole—if I may trust my authorities—human nature is a vulgar, sensual thing, fond of power and possession; a coward that hushes things up, and a bully that torments the weak; a wretched creature that would collapse if it were not for the truncheon of Policeman N., and the furniture shops. I say, if I may trust my authorities; but, my dear, I do not trust them. Still, they are numerous and influential; and if you like to condescend to be true to that kind of human nature, you may be as untrue as you please to the right thing. You may set up impossible situations, and make people deliver impossible sentences; you may invent cant, and people will take it for Bible; and, on the other hand, you may use the very words of Holy Scripture, and people will think you are inventing—for the public knows nothing of the Bible; you may pander to the vilest tastes, and people will call you moral; you may banter great ideas out of countenance, and people will hiss the great ideas as if they were not all they had to fall back upon in the hour of trial. In a word, my dear, you may lie like truth. And better were it for you that a millstone were tied about your sweet neck, and that you were cast into the depths of the sea.

III. I suppose you have not yet made up your mind whether you intend to belong to the school of Physical Effect or Metaphysical Effect, or to the school which aims at a cross between the two things. But, inasmuch as you are going in for an intricate plot, I conjecture that you will be attaching yourself, though without intending it, to the first of the schools I have mentioned. I do hope, however, that you will not be too physical, especially in your descriptions of people's persons, dresses, houses, and furniture. Our popular novels reflect, in a striking manner, the elegant sordidness of a furnishing and dressing generation. Buhl and ormolu, walnut-wood and parquerie, velvet and French kid, rustle and perfumery—spare us these sensuous commonplaces, if you can; and, in talking about faces and figures, let us have hints, after the manner of great masters like Thackeray, rather than vulgar full-lengths, or even busts. Scarcely any, if any, amount of genius or delicacy of touch, united with whatever literary experience, can make a detailed account of the human person anything much short of offensive. Whatever is characteristic in the "outward denotements" of the personages of your little drama, you may mention, but the more indirectly the better. For the choice phrase "outward denotements," my dear, I am indebted to a lady who, putting the Rev. M. C. Bellew into a book, described his face and figure under that heading. I do not recommend it to you.

IV. In the matter of Crimes and Catastrophes, let me advise you, if you can, to exercise a judicious eclecticism. Read "Blackstone's Commentaries," under the titles "Offences against Property" and "Offences against the Person." Consult, also, a file of a low Sunday newspaper, and a few volumes of the "Newgate Calendar." If your papa or your brother should decline (but I know they are both goodnatured) to help you to these sources of information, get a ticket for the Library of the British Museum. Then tabulate your crimes and your catastrophes, and make your choice. If choice should prove embarrassing, write out (say) a hundred horrors on slips of paper, shake up the slips in your riding-hat, and "draw."

V. This, my dear, you will perceive is all my nonsense. Thinking I hear you say, "Oh, Mr. R., don't be so satirical!" I will return to my more serious vein. Do, my girl, try and give us a story without a villain! I assure you, I never saw one. I am bound to believe such creatures exist; but I am as sure as I am that I hold this pen that the greatest amount of real suffering in life is not produced by villainy. Life is made up of two elements—an element of *will*, and an element of *futility*. The misery which is struck out in the conflict, or rather the interaction of the two, has usually for its apparent or efficient cause the misunderstandings of people of average (and sometimes more than average) goodness. It is not some scoundrel who keeps back a title-deed, or who prosecutes a cruel vengeance, or who wantonly abuses the privileges of affection; it is not such a scoundrel who is at the bottom of most of the troubles of our lives. Still less is it an enemy who, having got hold of a distressing, perhaps criminal, secret, works it as hard as he can to his own advantage and somebody else's disadvantage. I entreat you to avoid that last conception; it is hackneyed to death. If you insist on showing us some bad man who has got another under his thumb, as the phrase is, vary the idea a little. Let the poor fellow who is

* This is fact, not hypothesis. I am in possession of instances of critical sagacity about the very words of the Bible (one of them an instance in which an orthodox Bishop was furiously attacked by the majority of the press), which are exactly analogous to that celebrated case in which a critic, supposing he had before him the Greek exercise of a modern writer, was painfully severe upon the grammar of — Pindar!

intended by the villain to be a victim turn round bravely, and refuse to be victimised. "I have got hold of your secret, and if you don't give me a thousand pounds a month I will go and tell." That is what the ordinary villain says. It never appears to occur to the novelist that there are men who would reply, "Go and tell if you like, but I will bribe nobody!" Yet there are such men, and I have known them.

VI. If, however, you insist upon giving us the usual forms of villainy, let me beg of you not to give us, by way of makeweight, the usual forms of what is called Nemesis, or Retribution. The effect of wickedness in real life is that bad and good people suffer together, and that the good, in spite of the suffering, is victoriously beautiful. Physical laws do not stop for virtue, or love, or truth. If Regan is poisoned, Cordelia is strangled. What you have to do is to take care that the suffering of the good is not in your picture of life water spilt on sand, but that, when the black curtains drop, we feel as if we could kiss the rope that hung Cordelia, and bind it about our loins for a girdle of duty. If you cannot manage to produce this effect, it is perhaps better to go in for the "poetical justice" of the vulgar; better than to content yourself by painting a canvas full of snobs, or worse than snobs, with two or three good people who come to sad ends, without triumphing over their pain, or having left so bright and strong an impression that the triumph may be dispensed with. It is in this direction that I think a very great man of our own day falls short. Here is poor old Colonel Newcome dying in the Charterhouse. I have not the least objection. I do not want people to come in for fortunes and live happy ever after. No; but what I do want is, that if good people are made to suffer their goodness shall be so strong, so radiating, that I shall feel at the end as if wickedness (not necessarily the wicked people) had the worst of it. In observing real life we have the whole battle-field before us, for all time, and can check to-day's doubt by yesterday's trust—the failure of the weak by the triumph of the strong. In reading a novel we have only a section of the battle-field before us; and we are entitled to require that that section, as represented, shall be true to the effect of the whole in all vital matters. If a story gives a depressing view of human history, and shows us the good people getting the worst of it, and just going off the scene "resigned," it is false to the greatest of all truths—the truth that it is Justice which rules the world. Its literal accuracy is not its merit, but its fault—having all the effect of untruth, since other sections of the great spectacle are not and cannot be shown upon the canvas for want of space. Since, then, they cannot be so shown, let the goodness which is beaten in the section we are permitted to behold be at least a vigorous, protesting goodness. In order that it may appear to us in that light, it is better that it should have a great fault than two or three weaknesses. Nothing spoils life more, in the contemplation, than the knock of dwelling upon the small drawbacks of excellence; and nothing is more unfavourable to that respect for human character which is allied to reverence for divine things.

Before I close let me call your attention to a charming passage in the preface to "The Virgin Widow" of Mr. Henry Taylor, the author of "Philip Van Artevelde." He says:—

"In no works are the pleasantness of wisdom more bright and abundant than in the comedy of the Elizabethan age. I wish it were possible, not, indeed, to repeat that comedy, but to renew the spirit which gave birth to it. Fictions are written in these days often with great power and ability, but to me they seem powerful only to give pain. Our writers of fictions would appear to despair of getting an answer from the popular imagination in any other way than by breaking it on the wheel. I well know that in times of rapid movement light pressures are not easily felt; but I venture to believe that, here and there, in the recesses of society, there may be found persons who, like myself, do not desire to be harassed, and are better pleased to be taken amongst the amenities of fiction than amongst its glooms and terrors."

I quote these beautiful words (recommending the whole preface to your attention) because I want to finish by saying that I would gladly see you attempt to reinforce the ranks of the storytellers, pure and simple, who do not aim at harrowing effects so much as at pleasing ones. The best writer of the class is Mr. Charles Reade, and with all his faults (and his defects, which latter are still more numerous), he is an excellent model, and a narrow escape of a great man. W. B. R.

FRENCH WOMEN.

[THE following satirical sketch is abridged, translated, and imitated from the French of M. Alphonse Karr. Of course the French writer is describing French women alone. It would be absurd to imagine that the weaknesses attributed to them by their witty compatriot are in any way shared by the women of England. We feel it necessary to state our opinion on this point beforehand, in order to avert the wrath of our female readers. By-the-by, the scene is laid at the seaside—say Dieppe.]

"It is very warm, Madame."

"Very warm, Madame."

"Not so warm as yesterday, however."

"Yesterday I did not go out. I had to write to my husband, and he is never satisfied unless I cover at least eight pages of letter-paper."

When two women meet and converse for the first time, the first thing each endeavours to establish is that somewhere or other there exists a man who has rendered sufficient justice to her attractions to commit the folly of marrying her; then, that this man is some one very important and very rich; next to that, that he is very much struck with his wife, whereas she cares but little about him, and, finally, that she rules him completely.

The first lady having stated that her husband required her to send him letters eight pages long, the second feels very much inclined to say that her husband would blow his brains out unless he received every day letters sixteen pages long; but she thinks of something more ingenious.

"I do not write at all just now," she answers. "The fact is, I left Paris rather annoyed with M. de Clairval; he did not wish me to come to the seaside, but I was determined I would. 'What can possibly make you want to shut yourself up in some miserable place at the seaside,' he said to me, 'instead of passing the summer months at your chateau, where you could receive your friends?' It is true that he had spent enormous sums on his estate in order to make it agreeable for me, but I had made up my mind to go to the seaside, and off I started, with no one but my lady's-maid. M. de Clairval will be annoyed for a few days, and then all of a sudden he will follow me."

"As for me, Madame, I brought no one with me. My husband is obliged to receive company during my absence; he cannot do so without his coachman, his cook, his butler, and so on; and my lady's-maid keeps the house for him. She is a very clever person; and, as she has been a long while in the family, she can be trusted with anything."

"For my part, Madame, I never go anywhere without mine. She is very much attached to me. She has been very little in service. Before living with me she was with the Duchess of —, so that she thoroughly understands what a woman of a certain position requires. I spoil her a little. M. de Clairval was only saying to me the other morning that she seemed to change her dress every day, whereas I often wear the same dress three days running."

"Well, I am not sorry to have left Paris. I passed a most dreary winter. Every day people to dinner; a party at least once a week, composed of persons who are, no doubt, very useful to the state and very celebrated, but who talk nothing but politics. Then there was my husband, always at the Chamber during the day, and, when he did come home, overwhelmed with business."

"Your husband is a member of the Chamber of Deputies?"

"Yes, Madame," replies the other, as if she attached no sort of importance to the fact after taking such pains to mention it.

"I am more fortunate than you in that respect, Madame. M. de Clairval will not hear a word about politics in the present state of affairs; the aristocracy keeps aloof; at the proper moment it will come forward," &c.

To hear these two ladies, you might imagine they were two bird-catchers, showing their beautiful birds they had taken. "See how clever I am," one of them says, "what beautiful feathers my bird has."

"Mine is quite as fine," replies the other, "and how well he sings." Then, when there is nothing more to be said about the husbands, their merit, their affection, and so on, they arrive at positive proofs. "That is a very pretty dress of yours, Madame."

For the affection of a husband is not demonstrated by his attention and care; all that is deceptive, and means nothing whatever. The only precise, mathematical, irresistible proof of his love is to be found in the sacrifices he makes to his divinity. "You say your husband adores you. I am not to be taken in by mere phrases. Let me see what dresses he gives you."

"Women only adorn themselves in order to excite one another's envy."—Goethe. Now the first lady has said, "That is a very pretty dress of yours, Madame."

"Merely a morning dress, Madame," is the answer.

"Yes, it is very nice for early in the day."

The proprietress of the dress, who had only expressed a disparaging opinion of it in the hope of increasing its charms, is annoyed at the other agreeing with her so readily. She loses no time in adding, "It has certainly this merit, that it is impossible to find one like it. Only one piece was made at Lyons, and I bought the whole of it."

In a woman's life everything leads to a new dress, everything ends with a new dress; every circumstance is marked by a new dress, and the dress is always the most important point. A girl is going to be married—a dress. The moment arrives when love, the thought of an entirely new existence, the idea of a long separation from parents—everything disappears before the all-absorbing question of the wedding-dress.

A relation dies. The grief of the ladies is violent; but it is soon checked, for the mourning has to be thought of. What are people wearing? What is the most fashionable mode of testifying one's sorrow? It is necessary to go to the linen-draper's, to the dress-maker's, to the milliner's, and in a little while they are so thoroughly occupied that there is quite an end to lamentation, unless, however, the dress does not happen to fit, the bonnet be too much or too little off the head. But if the dress is made of some new material, if the bonnet is becoming, then they experience an involuntary glow, they are triumphant and—they are happy.

Listen to these verses written by a dying poet to his wife. She was a blonde:—

My fair one, my fair one—alas! it appears

That the doctor my speedy departure announces;

And you ask yourself wildly, with eyes full of tears,

If your first mourning dress shall be plain or with flourishes.

For evils like these let your dark women care,

'Tis for them on the terrors of mourning to dwell,

It makes them look dingy. But you who are fair

Will be sooner consoled—black becomes you so well. H. S. E.

DE PROFUNDIS.

The night is dark and full of storm;

My dreams are wild with shapes of sin;—

They stand aloof and say, "Be firm!

For this is wholesome discipline."

Apart, they talk of right and wrong;

Apart, they weigh up loss and gain;—

My heart grows hard, as well as strong,

Beneath the girdle of its pain.

Oh! who are these that set me tasks?

That stand and see me bleed to death?

Oh! where's the ready love, that asks

No questions of the failing breath,

But binds the wounds up as it can,

And waits a little to be wise?

Oh! was that one Samaritan

A phantasy of Syrian skies?

Oh, Angel with the dreadful book!

Before my heart is dry as dust,

Write this—If the poor fool mistook,

The way seemed all one awful Must.

The Everlasting Order came—

I heard the grinding of the wheel—

Write, Angel, that I was to blame;

But, if I perish, I appeal!

W. B. RANDES.

THE TENNYSONIAN STANZA:

AND

A PASSAGE FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

THE metre or stanza used by the Poet Laureate is becoming through his powerful agency very popular with our young poets. Four out of five very decent monodies on the death of Prince Albert were written in the "In Memoriam" stanza. Mr. Punch also occasionally affects the measure with great power and force. As at a literary club we heard some young gentlemen asserting that the Poet Laureate invented this measure, it may be as well to note the fact that the Earl of Surrey, Sir Philip Sidney, Gascogne, and a round dozen of Elizabethan poets, besides Abraham Cowley, and others of a later period, used it. Here are some verses by Sidney:—

Oh, tears! no tears but mine from beauty's eyes,

Making those lilies and those roses grow

Which are most fair, now more than most fair show,

While graceful piety beauty beautifies.

Of course, the greater ease and fluency—the softer music as it were—of Tennyson will be at once seen; and, although the form is the same, yet our Poet Laureate has only employed eight syllables in the line, whilst Sidney, in his "Astrophel and Stella," uses ten, nine, eight, or even eleven. By the way, Sir Philip, "that noble knight," as Charles Lamb calls him, seems to have anticipated two celebrated passages of modern poetry, one being Hood's "Ode to the Moon," Sidney's having commenced in nearly the same words:—

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the sky.

And the other, that of Tennyson's celebrated stanzas:—

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,

The flying cloud, the frosty light:

The year is dying in the night;

Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Sir Philip Sidney's beautiful sonnet on the death of Love commences in the same way:—

Ring out your bells; let mourning shows be spread,

For Love is dead!

Are these merely coincidences? By-the-way, to whom does Tennyson allude in the first stanza of "In Memoriam?"

I held it truth, with him who sings,

To one clear harp of divers tones,

That men may rise on stepping-stones,

Of their dead selves to higher things.

To what clear harp does he refer? Some have suggested that of David, others of Milton. Reading by chance one of the multifarious works of St. Augustine, in the second volume of his sermons, and the third sermon, "De Ascensione," I stumbled on this passage, a very noble one, "De vitiis nostris scilicet nobis facimus, si vitia ipsa calcamus;" and the idea of making a "ladder of our vices" struck me at once as the origin of the passage in Tennyson. But here I find others have been before me. A notice in *Notes and Queries* (Third Series, No. 31, August, 1862) refers the reader to Longfellow's "Ladder of St. Augustine":—

St. Augustine! well hast thou said,

That of our vices we can frame

A ladder, if we will but tread

Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

On consulting Longfellow, I find he has a note upon this very passage, in which the sentence of St. Augustine is given at length.

The correspondent of *Notes and Queries* quotes a very fine passage from Coleridge's "Religious Musings," wherein the ladder simile is very beautifully employed:—

Treading beneath their feet all visible things,
As steps that upwards to their Father's throne
Lead gradual.

Probably, then, Tennyson might allude to Coleridge, who certainly sang in divers tones, if not to a clear harp. Perhaps the origin of St. Augustine's ladder is that of Jacob (Gen. xxviii. 12):—"And he dreamed a dream, and beheld a ladder set on the earth, and the top of it reached heaven." J. H. F.

A FRANK THEORIST.

WHAT numbers of French writers in their descriptions of English life have endeavoured to make us appear very bad, and have only succeeded in making themselves extremely ridiculous! Of late, however, we have been sitting for our portraits to a most dattering French painter, who, in the first place, will not allow that we have any imperfections, and who, if positive imperfections are pointed out to him, represents them in such a manner that they look like so many traits of beauty. Such is M. Alphonse Esquiros, author of "L'Angleterre et la Vie Anglaise," in a great many volumes, one of which contains a brief account of the late Mr. Samuel Rogers, and the jokes to which his ghastly countenance gave rise. Rogers, according to our French author, was in a consumption, and his friends, regarding this as a piece of unjustifiable weakness, used to ridicule and torment him on the subject, asking him when he complained that there were no lodgings to be had in a certain town, why he did not take a bed in the churchyard; calling out on another occasion, when he was waiting for his carriage, "Mr. Rogers's hearse stops the way," and so on. Every Englishman knows that Mr. Rogers, instead of the ordinary living head of flesh, bone, and blood, carried a *death's head* on his shoulders, but that, like a few other thin men, he enjoyed for very many years excellent health, and lived to an advanced age. One would have thought that neither Englishman, Frenchman, nor human being of any country could have believed it possible that a man's illness—and such an illness as consumption—could be made the subject of a standing joke; but M. Esquiros believes it of the decline into which it has pleased him to throw the tenderly-constituted Rogers. He explains it, too, in a theory which is very good-natured; but at the same time very weak-minded on his part to have invented. The English, he tells his readers, are a strong, hardy, enterprising, pitiless race—too intent on arduous undertakings to feel sympathy for infirmity of any kind. That's why these noble-minded English cut jokes at their most intimate friends if they are only feeble enough to die of consumption!

And that is what a passion for theory and a carelessness for fact may lead a writer to, even when he has the talent of M. Esquiros!

M. Esquiros has also made a great discovery in connection with divorce proceedings in England, and one of less importance in connection with the British drama. Combining these two discoveries (both mare's-nests) he has built a theory upon them, which has not a fact to stand upon, and which, in its way, is as amusing as the theory about Mr. Rogers's consumption, and the bold, estimable heartlessness of his friends and of Englishmen in general. M. Esquiros, when he visited our English theatres, of course saw a great number of French pieces, and recognised many of them—but not all. In a farce of unmistakable French origin, full of French types, called "Law for Ladies" ("Le Code des Femmes" in the original), he was much struck and a little shocked by the goings on of a man who performs the functions neither of an English barrister nor of an English solicitor, but of a French *avocat* of a low order. This lawyer of mixed species gives advice, gets up a case, undertakes to procure evidence, and with the view of doing so hides in a cupboard. It appears very sad to M. Esquiros that this sort of a thing should take place in a country, once reputed moral, like England; and he explains to his French readers in a well-spun but by no means waterproof theory that the Divorce Court has called into existence a new breed of lawyers, of which the lawyer in "Law for Ladies" is the type. We think he even goes so far as to congratulate his own country on not possessing this thoroughly French type, which is, indeed, somewhat offensive.

Fancy an Englishman seeing a translation of "The School for Scandal" at one of the Parisian theatres, and taking the characters and plot of the English comedy as the groundwork of a theory of social life in France!

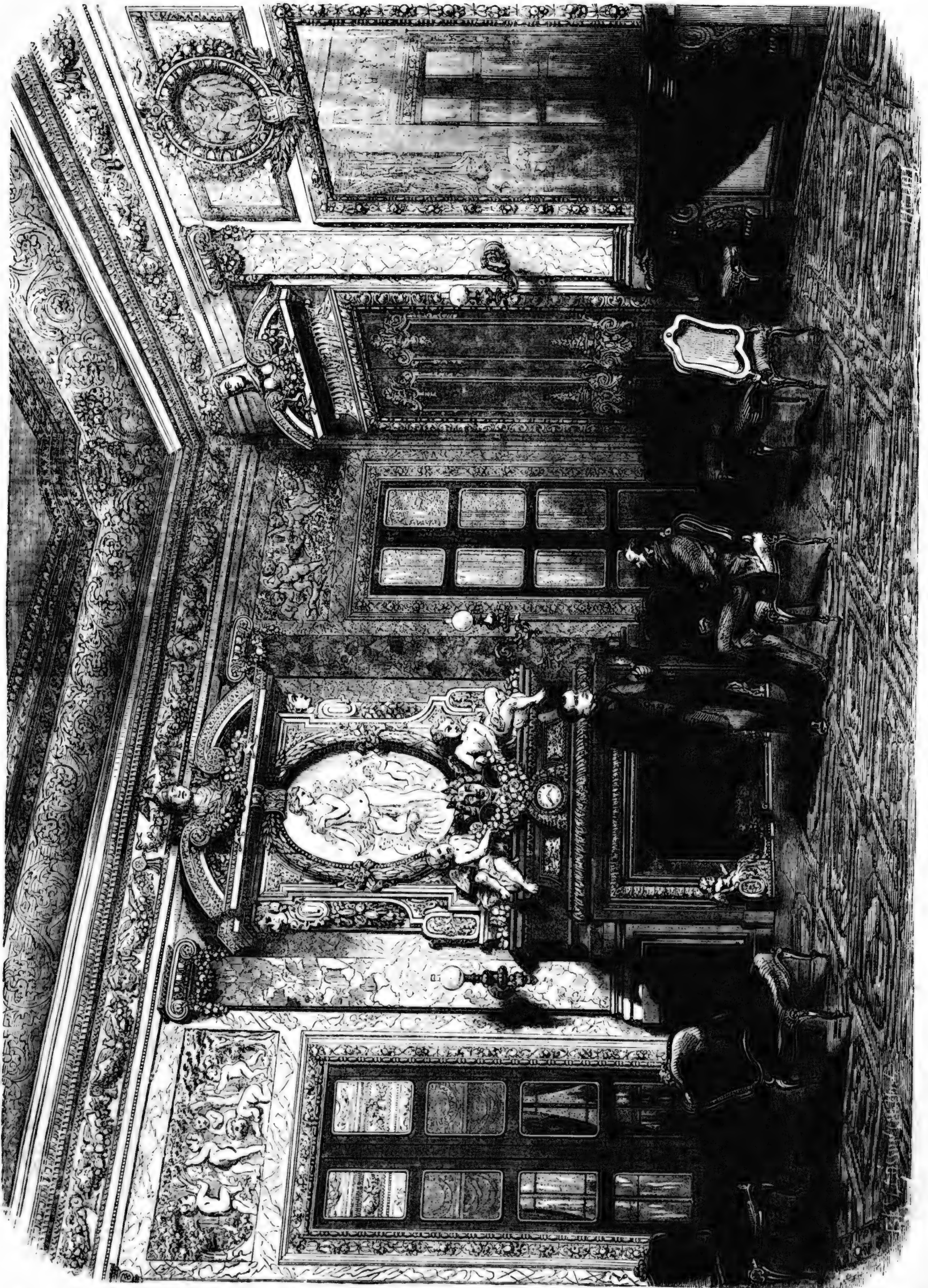
Fancy, too, Mr. Alfred Wigan "adapting" a vaudeville to the English stage in such a style that Englishmen know the characters to be French and only Frenchmen imagine them to be English!

H. S. E.

WHO FIRST SUGGESTED THE POSTAGE STAMP.—If documentary evidence is to be allowed due weight in this discussion, neither Dr. Gray nor Sir Rowland Hill has any claim whatever to the merit of having been the first to suggest the prepayment of letters by means of stamped covers, the proposition having originally emanated from Mr. Charles Knight, who brings forward the following conclusive proof in support of his claim. In the debate which took place on the 22nd of May, 1841, upon a resolution moved by Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer, "That it is expedient to repeal the Stamp Duty on Newspapers at the earliest possible period," Mr. Matthew Davenport Hill, then member for Hull, in advocating the payment of a penny upon an unstamped newspaper sent by post, said as follows:—"To put an end to any objections that might be made as to the difficulty of collecting the money, he would adopt the suggestion of a person well qualified to give an opinion on the subject—he alluded to Mr. Knight, the publisher. That gentleman recommended that a stamped wrapper should be prepared for such newspapers as it was desired to send by post, and that each wrapper should be sold at the rate of a penny by the distributors of stamps, in the same way as receipt stamps." Sir Rowland Hill, in the second edition of his celebrated pamphlet, disclosing his project for penny postage, also made the following avowal:—"A few years ago, when the expediency of entirely abolishing the newspaper stamp, and allowing newspapers to pass through the Post Office for a penny each, was under consideration, it was proposed by Mr. Charles Knight, the publisher, that the postage on newspapers might be collected by selling stamped wrappers at a penny each. Availing myself of this excellent suggestion, I propose the following arrangement: Let stamped covers and sheets of paper be supplied to the public from the Stamp Office or Post Office, as may be most convenient, and sold at such a price as to include the postage: letters so stamped might be put into the letter-box, as at present."

THE CAMEL.—The servitude of the camel is of older date, more complete, and more irksome than that of any other domestic animal—of older date, as it inhabits the countries which history points out to us as the cradle of mankind; more complete, as all other domestic animals still have their wild types roaming about in unrestrained liberty, while the whole camel race is doomed to slavery; more irksome, finally, as it is never kept for luxury or state like so many horses, or for the table like the ox, the pig, or the sheep, but is merely used as a beast of transport, which its master does not even give himself the trouble to attach to a cart, but whose body is loaded like a living wagon, and frequently even remains burdened during sleep. Thus, the camel bears all the marks of servitude. Large naked callosities of horny hardness cover the lower part of the breast and the joints of the legs; and although they are never wanting, yet they themselves give proof that they are not natural, but that they have been produced by an excess of misery and ill-treatment, as they are frequently found filled with purulent matter. The back of the camel is still more deformed by its single or double hump than its breast or legs by their callosities; and, as the latter are evidently owing to the position in which the heavily-burdened beast is forced to rest, it may justly be inferred that the hump also, which merely consists of an accumulation of fat, did not belong to the primitive animal, but has been produced by the pressure of its load. Even its evident use as a storehouse for a desert journey may have contributed to its development, as Nature is ever ready to protect its creatures, and to modify their forms according to circumstances; and thus what at first was a mere casual occurrence became at length, through successive generations, the badge and heirloom of the whole race. Even the stomach may, in the course of many centuries, have gradually provided itself with its water-cistern, since the animal, after a long and tormenting privation, whenever an opportunity of satisfying its thirst occurred, distended the coats of that organ by immoderate draughts, and thus by degrees gave rise to its pouchlike cavities. The hardships of long servitude, which have thus gradually deformed the originally, perhaps, not ungraceful camel, have no doubt also soured its temper, and rendered its character as unamiable as its appearance is repulsive.—*Hartwig's Tropical World.*

THE MUNICIPALITY OF FLORENCE have done honour to the memory of Mrs. Barrett Browning by placing a marble slab in the wall of the house she occupied in that city. The slab bears an inscription, in Italian, to this effect:—"Elizabeth Barrett Browning lived, and died in this house. She was a woman who, with a woman's heart, possessed the wisdom of a sage and the spirit of a true poet, and made her poetry a golden band between Italy and England."



PRINCE NAPOLEON'S RESIDENCE AT THE PALAIS ROYAL.—THE RECEPTION-ROOM.



STRAND

ADELPHI

THE NEW APARTMENTS IN THE PALAIS ROYAL.

THAT irregular-looking pile of building in the Rue St. Honoré, called the Palais Royal, has always been so intimately associated with French history that any change, either in its appointments or its inhabitants, cannot fail to interest the people of Paris. Indeed, at an early period of its fame it was declared to be the capital of Paris; and it might, during the audacious rule of its founder, Richelieu, whose power enabled him to reign in the name of the King, have been called, with almost equal truth, the capital of France.

The site on which the Palais Royal stands was originally occupied by the Hôtel de Rambouillet, which had belonged to the Constable Bernard D'Armagnac, chief of the faction opposed to the Court or Bourguignon party during the madness of Charles VI.; and by the Hôtel de Meurcur, the property of the Dukes of this name, the best known of whom, the Governor of Bretagne, was involved in the vicissitudes of the League, and submitted at last to Henry IV. These, with some minor buildings, were ceded to Cardinal Richelieu for the erection of his new palace, the building of which commenced in 1629, from the drawings of Jacques Lemercier, the artist who had constructed the large interior pavilion on the north side of the old Louvre, the Church of L'Oratoire (except the portal), and the Church of La Sorbonne. The Palais Royal was completed in 1634, and the Cardinal made it his residence in the February of the following year. The original building was a straggling irregular mass of unsightly appearance—a circumstance partially attributable to the conditions imposed on the architect, who was compelled to preserve some portion of the old buildings already occupying the ground. The Palais Royal, therefore, luxurious as it may have been as a palace in its internal decorations, and containing a vast number of apartments, displayed little architectural effect. The space at present occupied by the Court of Fountains and the edifices which inclose it was at first incumbered with a confused mass of building, connected by courts and passages leading to the various departments of the palace. The interior was equal to the most luxurious palaces in Europe, and surpassed many of them in costly profusion of ornament. Philippe de Champagne, Simon Vouet, La Hyre, Boullogne, were the artists who adorned the sumptuous rooms, which were filled with rich works of art; and all that ostentation, combined with great wealth, could contrive, was displayed in the Court of the powerful Cardinal. With Richelieu, as with Wolsey, the possession of these riches was not unattended with danger; but the wily churchman, in 1636, made a donation to the King of the palace and all that it contained—a gift which, while it shut the mouths of his enemies, drew the King more surely into his power. On the 23rd of May, 1642, Richelieu renewed the donation by a testamentary document, to which he added a clause, retaining the governorship of the Royal Palace in favour of his own heirs. Richelieu died at St. Germain on the 4th of December in the same year; and his Royal master, who soon followed him to the tomb, was unable to take possession of the palace, which afterwards became the residence of Anne of Austria, who removed thither from the Louvre with her two sons, Louis XIV. and the Duke of Anjou, afterwards Duke of Orleans. Her first act was to substitute the name of Palais Royal for that of Palais Cardinal, by which the building had been previously designated. From this time the palace was identified with most of the important scenes in the history of successive Governments, and itself underwent so many changes that little remained of the original plan of Lemercier.

The interior decorations varied according to the inclinations of the different inmates, from the classical ornamentation of the Duc de Chartres, who formed within the palace a fine collection of scientific objects and rare paintings, to the trivial and voluptuous designs which filled the walls during the Orleans period in 1701, whose Court was so unscrupulously vicious in its opposition to the fashionable prudery of Versailles. The pictures and collections remained, however, and after the death of Louis XIV. received numerous and costly additions.

On the 6th of April, 1763, the right wing of the palace was entirely destroyed by a fire, which broke out in the Salle de l'Opéra and extended to a portion of the central building; and the Duc d'Orléans profited by the opportunity to construct the new wing with more of harmony and regularity. Moreau was intrusted with the rebuilding of the opera and the façade, Contant d'Ivry with the vestibule, the grand staircase, and the apartments; but the result of this combined workmanship was hopeless disparity of appearance.

Louis XVI. still further changed the entire building. Once more the ravages of fire, in 1781, compelled a reconstruction of some of its principal apartments, while a number of the old edifices were removed to make way for the new Opera.

While these alterations and additions were being made, the Court occupied temporary and incommensurate lodgings which had been built in the garden at the extremity of the left wing; and here commenced those influences which resulted in that revolution whose horrible details mock the gorgeous appointments with which Royalty had intended to surround itself. For a short time the name was again changed to Le Palais Egalité, and, during the terrible deliberations which the committee held within its walls in 1779, Le Palais du Tribunal; but the dreadful saturnalia passed, leaving its destructive tokens behind it, and once more the Palais Royal became a Court, for the first Consul had become an Emperor.

Few changes took place in the Palace until 1852, when it was assigned to Prince Jerome Bonaparte, uncle of the present Emperor, as his residence. Until now improvements were effected only when necessary reparations made the opportunity, and the result was altogether incongruous, but, since that time, several important changes have been effected, the principal of which has been the reconstruction of the grand staircase, the removal of one of the galleries, and an entire change in the style of ornamentation. The recent changes have greatly improved the general appearance of the interior, and have imparted to it a simplicity and at the same time a magnificence of style which it has never before possessed.

The entrance to the grand apartments is to the right, under the arcade of the centre building, a vestibule of fine proportions, leading to the staircase which opens from the centre of the hall, and is reached by several plateaux. Amongst the most elegant of the apartments is the "morning reception-room," represented in our Engraving, the ornamentation of which exhibits that pure taste which was so characteristic of Prince Jerome, and is possessed in no little degree by Prince Napoleon.

The principal apartments are on the right wing, or the "Valois side"—a general saloon, containing a billiard-table and furnished in green damask; a private saloon, furnished with Gobelin tapestry, containing family portraits; a smoking-room; a large picture-gallery, also filled with family portraits, and furnished, like the two previous rooms, in red silk damask. Beyond the gallery the private apartments of the Princess Clotilde extend as far as the garden, and include a library, a boudoir, and sleeping apartment, the furniture here being all of a clear blue.

The southern front is at present unoccupied, but comprehends the ancient hall of audience, looking by a balcony upon the Court d'Honneur and Bibliothèque, which terminate in the grand saloon, at the end of the Gallery de Nemours. The old chapel of Louis Philippe leads to the ethnological museum, collected by the Prince during his voyage in the northern seas.

Leaving the old chapel, the visitor reaches the Salle des Colonnades, and then to a little chapel placed where the Gallery de Chartres joins the new façade of the Théâtre Français.

To the right of the Salle des Colonnades, in returning to the Cour d'Honneur, is the most magnificent room in the palace, the new dining-saloon, which is truly superb in all its details. Communicating with this is a handsome antechamber, and a grand staircase conducts to the apartments on the Montpensier side. It is by this staircase that the Emperor repairs to the Théâtre Français, which communicates with the palace by a door opening into the saloon. Continuing towards the garden there are a sitting-room fitted with green marble, a reading-room furnished in blue and white, and a bedroom in orange silk; to the left of this chamber is a small oratory. The apartments in the centre are entirely devoted to State occasions, and are of corresponding magnificence; and the whole suite, terminating in the fountains and the garden, and hung with costly tapestry, are an evidence, not only of the artistic abilities, but of the consummate taste of the present inmates.

OPERA, CONCERTS, AND NEW MUSIC.

THE pantomime season is not a very favourable one for opera. The real prima donna of the present holiday period is Columbine. Harlequin is the youthful, amorous tenor; Clown the active, intriguing baritone, at times the rival of Harlequin; Pantaloon the stupid old bass. By the side of pantomime, opera exercises no attraction whatever on the Christmas public, and probably could only be made to do so by being lowered to the pantomime level, and adapted or burlesqued so as to suit the well-known and invariable pantomime requirements. No one at this time of year would go to hear Rossini's "William Tell," even as curtailed by Mr. Costa, the great operatic Procrustes; but if nearly all Rossini's music were left out, if Tell were turned into a Clown, if Matilda and Arnold were made into Columbine and Harlequin, and Gessler were elevated to the rank of Pantaloon, then "William Tell," in its new shape, might find plenty of admirers. So would "Don Juan," with Don Juan and Leporello as Clown and Pantaloon. Indeed, the four principal characters in the main plot of Mozart's great opera are precisely to serious drama what the pantomime quartet are to burlesque. Don Juan is a tragic clown, cheating his creditors, deceiving all the women who come within his reach, and showing the same contempt for the avenging figure of the Commandant that the Clown exhibits for the policeman who comes to arrest him for stealing carrots or for being rude to Columbine. Leporello follows, assists, is made use of, and occasionally snubbed by his master in the true style of a Pantaloon writing upon a Clown. Donna Anna is rather a funeral Columbine, and Don Octavio rather a dull Harlequin; but their relations towards one another, and jointly towards Don Juan and Leporello, are quite of a pantomime character. "The Barber of Seville" is more like a pantomime, from the disguises assumed by Harlequin (Almaviva); and the framework of the story is known to be borrowed from Molière's "Scapin," a piece which has often been arranged as a pantomime-ballet. "Don Pasquale" is quite pantomime in design, and contains in Don Pasquale himself an excellent character for a Pantaloon. Then in the "Lucia," what an admirable Columbine the unfortunate Miss Ashton would make, especially in the mad scene! In short, there is not one really popular opera that could not be turned to pantomime account at Christmas time; and we think it might be shown that no opera which will not bear this test ever has been or ever can be universally successful.

Leaving this theory for others to work out, we must proceed to give a brief account of the musical performances of the past week, which at the Royal English Opera have consisted of Mr. Howard Glover's "Ruy Blas" and Mr. Wallace's "Love's Triumph." Mr. Glover's latest work on a large scale was revived on Monday, but (as is absolutely inevitable at this season) was not produced in its complete form. But, although some of the best pieces are omitted, enough remain to give the Christmas public a notion of the general merit of the work. The part of Oscar, the Page, is of course intrusted to Mdlle. Laura Baxter (the "model page" of "Love's Triumph"); and Mr. C. Lyall appears as Don César de Bazan. The other characters are impersonated, as when the opera was first produced in 1861, by Miss Louisa Pyne (the Queen of Spain), Miss Susan Pyne (the Duenna), Miss Thirlwall (the Chief Maid of Honour), Mr. Santley (Don Sallust), and Mr. Harrison (Ruy Blas). Two of the best ballads, "The flower she loves" (Mr. Harrison) and "Could life's dark scene" (Miss Louisa Pyne), were encored; and in the course of the evening the principal singers were recalled three times.

Mr. Howard Glover gave what used to be called a monster concert last Saturday at St. James's Hall. It was indeed an entertainment of monstrous dimensions, including no less than forty-five pieces, and extending from one o'clock in the day until we cannot say how long after five in the afternoon. Mdlle. Parepa (just returned from the country in excellent voice), Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and a host of other vocalists too numerous to mention, took part in the entertainment. Mr. Benedict, Mr. Francesco Berger, Mr. George Lake, and Mr. Howard Glover, were the conductors.

1. *Sleep, thou Infant Angel!* 2. *The Lark.* Music by Glinka; words by John Oxenford.—Both these beautiful songs are familiar to many of our readers, who must have heard them sung at the Monday Popular Concerts by Miss Banks. No one who has heard Miss Banks sing the lullaby, "Sleep, thou Infant Angel!" would be likely to forget it, or, forgetting it, would be likely to remember anything else in the way of songs. Very little is known in England of Glinka's music, nor is it likely that his most remarkable work—his Russian opera in the national style—ever will be known in this country, until Europe, in accordance with Napoleon's prophecy, becomes "Cossack" (it being tolerably certain now that it will not become "republican"). In the meanwhile, some notion of Glinka's genius for melody and of his truly lyrical sentiment may be formed from these two songs, which, as they are sung at St. James's Hall, do not sound at all like preludes to barbarism.

Pantomime. By Francesco Berger. (Ewer and Co.)—Mr. Francesco Berger has just produced a very ingenious, amusing, and brilliant little piece, suggested by the characteristic proceedings of our old friends the pantomime party of four. The piece begins with music for a transformation scene; the entrances of Harlequin, Columbine, Clown, and Pantaloon are then indicated in appropriate strains; and the whole business of a pantomime, from the graceful prouetting of the Columbine to the unmannerly goose-stealing of the Clown, is gone through on the piano. Altogether this is a very good musical joke, managed in very good taste.

Sketches for the Piano. By O'Neill. (Ashdown and Parry).—The composer of the "Lieder ohne Worte" painted beautifully in water colours. Why, then, should not Mr. O'Neill, who has produced so many beautiful pictures in oil, write "songs without words"? Mr. O'Neill's "Sketches for the Piano" inform us, through some graceful waltz tunes, how a "lover's complaint" was uttered, and what "the lady's reply" was. Mr. O'Neill does not, like Mr. Wilkie Collins, implore critics not to divulge his secret, but we will abstain from publishing it all the same.

A SALT-Well.—According to American accounts a novel salt-mine has been discovered at Wellsville, in the county of Columbiana, Ohio. A well was being sunk, on the artesian principle, for extracting rock oil, when, at a depth of 488ft., a column of gas made its escape with such violence that the boring-rod and some 200ft. of piping introduced into the orifice were suddenly thrown out like a ramrod from a gun. The boring had reached an extensive vein of salt brine, and the gas continued to drive out with it a column of water charged with salt, and of the same diameter as the bore-hole, to the height of 150ft. This eruption lasted for six months, when it occurred to the proprietors to utilise the waters for the manufacture of salt. The gas itself, being conducted into a furnace by pipes, is lighted, and it then evaporates the water without any other fuel being used. The furnace is heated to a high temperature, and the flame rises above the chimney. It is seen from a distance of several miles round. The salt brine is delivered at the rate of about six gallons per minute, and furnishes one barrel of salt per hour. The gas is said to have a pressure of 126lb. to the square inch.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—It is now officially announced that the marriage of the Prince of Wales will take place early in March. It is arranged that Princess Alexandra will come to her adopted country on board the Queen Mary yacht, and will land at Gravesend, where she will be met by her Royal bridegroom. The Prince and Princess will then make a public entry into London, and, with their suite, will proceed in her Majesty's carriages, with military escort, through the metropolis to Windsor. It is also announced that St. James's Palace, where ladies and gentlemen hold an evening reception at St. James's Palace, will have an opportunity of presenting their congratulations to the newly-wedded pair. Several levees and drawing-rooms will be held throughout the year, where the Prince of Wales or one of other of the Royal Princesses will represent her Majesty.

NEGRO COLONISATION FROM AMERICA.—An important plan for negro colonisation has been attempted by General Webb, the American Minister in the Brazil, who had been exerting himself to effect a treaty by which all the freed negroes should be transplanted to the regions of the Amazon at the expense of America. The negroes were to be endowed with land gratuitously by Brazil, and at the expiration of a term of years were to become citizens of Brazil, with all the rights and privileges of the free negro population of the empire.

THE FORESTS which surround the valley of the Rhine are now fuller of snipes than they have been for many years, a fact which the country people in that district consider as an omen that the winter will not be very severe. The sportsmen, on the other hand, find hares and partridges scarce, while foxes are more numerous than usual.

CONDUCT OF THE FEDERAL TROOPS AT

FREDERICKSBURG.

VERY contradictory reports are in circulation in America as to the conduct of the Federal army in the battle of Fredericksburg. The newspapers assert that the troops fought bravely, and President Lincoln has officially thanked them for their conduct on that day, the result of which he described as a mere "accident." Private letters from the camp, however, give very different statements; and the following letter from a surgeon attached to General Burnside's army, written to a relative in Canada and published in Quebec, gives a view of the conduct and character of the Federal troops which might well justify their leader in declining to risk another attack upon the Confederate position:—

Being attached for the time to head-quarters, with nothing to do but to watch the progress of the fight from the gallery of the Phillips's Mansion, which commands a view of nearly the whole field of operations on the other side of the river, I had as good a sight of the battle after the fog lifted, about noon, as from a box-seat of a theatre. At intervals the clouds of smoke obscured the scene, but again they rolled off, and a grand panorama of the fight was exhibited. The battle on our side was a carnival of cowardice. Whatever the newspapers say, the highest officers here do not pretend to conceal that the Union troops never fought so badly. After they had once got within point-blank range of the enemy's fire, nothing could induce them to advance. Fredericksburg was filled with stragglers in thousands before the engagement had commenced, and this went on all day, until before night more than half the army had disbanded and was skulking and plundering about the town. Including the reserves, which went into action late in the afternoon, the Union force engaged was not less than 200,000. I do not think, from all that I can learn, the killed and wounded will reach 6000, and should not be surprised to learn they are not more than 4000. The position of the enemy, although good, was not exceedingly strong, and so wide-spread that it was liable to be cut in half. It was not to be compared to that held by the Russians at Alma, which the Allies forced with so little difficulty; and I am satisfied that a European army of one-fourth the Federal force would have carried it with a single rush. But our men would not fight; when the columns were got within range, they halted, began firing, every man on his own hook, became confused, and fell back in a perfect mob, to be re-formed. Seen from a distance, the attacking columns looked like so many street mobs, on which the police had made a sudden attack; a convulsion seemed to shake each in its turn; it opened out apparently with a desperate resolve to form line and advance, and then came a regular *sauve qui peut*, and every man ran for cover to the rear. Then the jeering yells of the Confederates would ring out above the dull booming of the cannon and the pattering of musketry, and, springing up from behind fences and rifle-pits, the dark grey line would advance at a run and pour crushing volleys into the flying rout. I don't believe on the Confederate left and centre that our troops got within 150 yards of the advanced defences; and it is certain very few of our wounded were too near the enemy's line to be carried off. On the right the fighting is said to have been better. The greater part of the loss on our side was among the skulkers in the streets of Fredericksburg. We took and lost some prisoners on our left, but on no other part of the field were the two armies sufficiently near to each other to make captives. The greater part of our dead have been left where they fell, but arrangements have been made by flag of truce to bury them.

THE ALABAMA.—Some account of how this steamer has been handled appears in a communication from the West Indies. From this it appears that, soon after leaving the Mersey, she was met at Tarissa by a large barque from the Thames, and from this barque she received her guns and warlike stores, her detention being accounted for to the Portuguese authorities on the representation that her engines were being repaired; the presence of the barque being accounted for to the same authorities by the allegation that she had sprung a leak. On the day the barque arrived Captain Bullock, of the Alabama, hailed alongside, and erected a pair of shears to assist him in transferring the heavy guns, alleging that the barque was in a sinking state, and that it was necessary to remove the cargo to get speedily at the leak. This, with some bluster on the part of Captain Bullock, got rid of the Portuguese, and the transhipment was effected without further interference from those on shore. On the afternoon of the second day the British steamer Bahama came in, having on board Captain Semmes and the other late officers of the Sumter, besides the remainder of the "299's" armament, and an addition of twenty odd men to her crew. All three were peremptorily ordered off, and they proceeded only a few leagues, when, all the Alabama's guns being mounted and the vessel ready for sea, they took their departure, the barque, as before, in tow of the Alabama, which having conveyed her well out to sea cast her off, and with a favourable breeze she steered for Cardiff, to bring out a further supply of coal for the steamer's future use. The Alabama and the Bahama then sailed round the island, when Captain Semmes formally displayed his commission from the Confederate Government and enrolled the crew, intimating that if any of the crew repented they might now return before it was too late. None accepted the alternative. The Alabama's crew receive from the Confederate Government half the value of every American ship and cargo they destroy, and each of her crew is now worth several hundred pounds. All obligations to them have hitherto been faithfully discharged in gold. The Alabama is supplied with coal from Wales by three sailing-vessels thus constantly employed.

AMERICAN PRESIDENTS AND THEIR DESCENDANTS.—The majority of Presidents have been from the South. Their heirs and their representatives are all engaged upon the Southern side. Washington—all of his race, name, and blood, and the inheritors of his property, are called rebels; he ruled eight years. The descendants of Jefferson are all rebels; he ruled eight years. Madison's heirs are the same; he ruled eight years. The same remarks apply to Monroe, who ruled eight years; to Jackson, who ruled eight years. Van Buren ruled four years; his children are all Secessionists. Polk, Tyler, and Taylor, each ruled four years; all their race are Secessionists. Of the living ex-Presidents—Pierce and Buchanan—both are Secessionists; each ruled four years. Of the seventy-four years that Presidents have ruled—from 1789 to 1862—sixty-four years have been ruled by the race and name whose descendants are Secesh. The two Adamses ruled four years each, and Lincoln only two years, making ten years of loyal rule. I have no doubt that if the great dead had been alive, under the same circumstances, they would have all been Secesh too. They all respected and believed in State rights or the original sovereignty of the States. Faneuil old Washington being a rebel in the present light. Of course he was a rebel in an English point of view.—*New York Letter.*

AN ATMOSPHERIC TIDE.—A South Australian paper contains some ingenious speculations on the possibility of an atmospheric tide: Is our atmosphere, like the waters of the ocean, subject to tidal influence? When we find so heavy and incompressible a fluid as water rising in a wave of some feet in height, and following the moon, is it not rational to conclude that the light elastic fluid atmosphere must be similarly affected? If such be the case, and we see no reasonable objection to such a hypothesis, we may suppose that a tide wave, not to be measured in feet but in miles, will follow, or rather accompany, our luminary. Some atmospheric commotion is always observable at the time of the new moon, and at this time the wind is generally from the northward. This wave will account for the difficulty attending every attempt to frame exact tables of the refraction of the heavenly bodies. We know that the state of the atmosphere has to be taken into account in allowing for the refraction. If, with a sextant, we take on several successive days the meridian altitude of the sun, when he is low about the time of the winter solstice, and at or near the change of the moon, when the combined attraction is at the maximum we shall find, when we have made exact allowance for the small daily difference in declination, and fixed the amount of refraction by the table corrected for the density and temperature of the air, that a variation in the angle of altitude will still remain to be accounted for. This may reasonably be referred to the atmospheric tide, which would increase the amount of refraction in proportion to its height. It may be objected that this tide wave should affect the density of the air, and, consequently, ought to be indicated by the mercury in the barometer. But this would not follow; for, although the wave would considerably increase the height of a column of the atmosphere, yet this, being the effect of the moon's attraction, would be supported by that attraction, and, consequently, it would not affect the density at the earth's surface. We often find, on an evening obscured by clouds, that, as the moon approaches towards her meridian passage, the clouds are dissipated, and the sky becomes clear. This is another effect which may be rationally referred to the attractive influence of that luminary on the atmosphere.

ENGLAND AND THE GREEK QUESTION.—Tuesday night's *Gazette* contains a memorandum which is the first authentic declaration of her Majesty's Government on the subject of the cession of the Ionian Islands. The document is that which the Hon. Mr. Elliot was instructed to deliver to the President of the Provisional Government of Greece on his recent mission to that country. It sets forth that England has always had a deep interest in the welfare and prosperity of Greece, and cites the treaties of 1827 and 1832 as evidence. Passing then from generals to particulars, the document promises that, if Greece shall elect a Sovereign acceptable to the Queen and refrain from aggression against Turkey, her Majesty will propose to the Senate and representatives of the Ionian Islands her desire that they should unite themselves with Greece, and, if they are of the same mind, then the Queen will take steps to obtain the concurrence of the other Powers to that arrangement. But if Greece choose a Prince who shall be the symbol of revolution and aggression her Majesty will refuse to relinquish her protectorate. On the other hand, a constitutional Prince will be honoured with the friendship and confidence of the Queen.

OHIO is the greatest wool-growing State of America, New York and Pennsylvania next; Michigan ranks fourth. New Jersey raises more potatoes than any other State, by two to one.

And County, 38; London Joint Stock, 35; London and South African, 25; National Provincial of England, 12; Oriental, 55; Ottoman, 3; South Australia, 35; ex div.: Union of London, 33.

Colonial Government Securities have risen steadily. Canada Six per Cento, 187-84, 106 ex div.; Ditto Five per Cento, 97 1/2 ex div.; Ditto Inscribed Stock, 97 1/2 ex div.; Ditto Six per Cento, 109 1/2 ex div.; New Zealand, 103 1/2 ex div.; Victoria Six per Cento, 109 1/2.

In Miscellaneous Securities about an average business has been transacted. Crystal Palace, 34 ex div.; Great Ship, 3; National Discount, 8; Oriental Inland Steam, 84 ex div.; Peninsular and Oriental, 78; Royal Mail Steam, 85; Trust and Loan Company of Upper Canada, 84.

The discount in the Stock Bank Shares have been far from numerous, but prices have had an upward tendency.

BANKRUPTS.—C. WADE, Clerkenwell-c, Chamberl Bldg draper.
S. HUGH, Hatton-wal, Clergenwel, Chandler's shop keeper.
J. HILEY, Providence-buildings, New Kent-road wine merchant.
G. PARON, Baginbroke Warr, Northamptonshire, publisher.
L. V. NORTON, 60, Abchurch-lane, London, E.C. 4, Drapery.
Woolen & linen draper.—J. RACON, Buckingham, wine, spirit,
and hop merchant.—G. SHARPSON, Nursing, Southampton,
factor.—H. K. ROUSE, Leicester-terrace, Baywater, builder.
W. DAVIS N., Noble-street, City, Manchester watch-maker.—R.
LEACH, 17, St. Dunstons, Leighton, tea dealer.—A. J. COOPER,
Lodge, Battersea, painter.—H. HUTCHINSON, Offham,
Kent, farmer.—MAURA L. ELLISON, Gresham-place, Cardington-
street, Hamstead-road, vocalist.—F. KELLY, Slirling-terrace,
Belvedere-road, Lambeth, carpenter.—J. MURPHY Stylizing-art, book-
keeper.—E. DE FELDOP, 18, Market-street, Haydock, Lancashire,
commercial traveler.—J. M. TAYLOR, Haydock, Lancashire, carpenter.
J. BRADSHAW, Wilson, silk manufacturer.—W. KING, Manches-
ter, dealer in fancy woolen cloth.—F. ORRISLEY, Waterloo-
street, Little's, metal merchant.—H. R. KNIGHTS, Cambridge-
road, Farnborough, Hampshire, ironmonger.—E. SELLERS,
Chilworth, Hampshire, ironmonger.—W. PARRY, Church, Salter, farmer.—J. VILLIERS
and J. BIDDLE, Coventry, engineering and elastic web manufac-
turers.—J. BAGGULEY, Sulwest North-glamshire, miller.—J.
HERBERT, Bartle, farmer.—W. KITSELL, Prescign, Radnor-
shire, timber and coniferous.—J. HEALING, 10, St. Margaret,
Waterloo, London, SW. 1, Engineer.—KINGSTON-Hall, 7, Upper
Bancroft-way, Kingston, Yorkshire, miller and farmer.
R. STIZAKER, Everton, licensed victualer.—G. S. PALMER,
Powdercock, Horse-tail—J. B. BARROW, Ke-da, Westmoreland,
ironmonger.—J. DEBAILL, Lancaster, taproofer.—S. COK,
Brinningham, miller.—J. B. BARNES, Liverpool, bookseller.
W. N. BROWN, Seaford, salesman.—J. TRUAN, Seelinton, North-
Nottinghamshire, ironmaster.—H. NORTHWOOD, Withmorne Minster,
Dereshire, farmer.—W. BAKER, Ledbury, Herefordshire, saddler.
E. SPENCER, Moulding-mill—G. W. LESTER, 10, Oldfield,
autumn, near North-Bath, Somersetshire, tinsmith.
J. MASON, Wolverhampton, grocer.—W. JACKSON, Atstockp,
Cheshire, builder.—J. DURIELL, Iwerich, sailmaker.—W.
THOMAS, Gaddington, Herefordshire, butcher.—W. WILLIAMS,
Walthorse, Herefordshire, cooper.—J. F. FORD, Southam,
Warwickshire, Duke of Worcester's agent, provincial agent.
B. HARRISON, Sudley, Staffordshire, publican.—J. GRIFFITTS,
jun., Wotherton, Salop, farmer.—S. R. SMYTH, Eastbourne,
Sussex, tutor.—J. BURRIDGE, Brighton, cap maker.—W. Y.
SMITH, Bilston, Staffordshire, japanner.—J. M. MILK, Kingston-
Flintshire, farmer.—Z. CHADWICK, Sealford, Lancashire, firewood

BANKRUPTCY ANNULLED.—W. REDMAN, Whitby, Yorkshire, builder.
BANKRUPT.—**F. K. KUPP-Z**, MC, High-street, Shadwell-church, CLARK, W. (banker), Stracey, Victoria Park, hotel manager.—**E. H. P. FIRMINGBE**, Brighton, commercial agent.—**P. WHITE**, Little-grove-mews, Edgware-road, cabdriver.—**W. H. CARMONT**, Broadley, steel and iron forger.—**T. P. MCCARTHY**, Royal Mint-street, Tower-hill, London E.C., J. A. SANDERS, Old Manor-place, Chelsea, builder.—**J. PENFOLD**, Blackmore-street, Drury-lane, painter.—**H. B. GIBSON**, 60, Tottenham-court-road, architect.—**J. S. HEWITT**, Greenwich, late clerk in the General Post Office.—**C. T. BOARD** and **J. ILVING**, Worship-street, feather-merchants.—**C. F. WRIGHT**, Montrose-st race, Holloway, messenger to the West London Union.—**H. HORTON**, Oxford-road, Lower-road, Islington, hair-man.—**J. TELDON**, Canonbury-lane, Islington, upholsterer.—**H. H. HARRIS**, 17, Upper Grosvenor-st, London W., wine merchant.—**W. HOLLES**, Golden-lane, St. Luke's, Chandler.—**R. LOMAX**, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, solicitor.—**K. CALLES**, Dalea-on, victualer.—**W. BROWN**, New Pye-street, Westminster, general dealer.—**C. SELF**, Maudslott-street, Clerkenwell, cabinet-maker.—**W. H. DEER**, Cambridgeshire, painter.—**A. GYLER**, Juno, Banbury, Sussex, bootmaker.—**W. WHEELER**, 18, St. Giles's, Bedford-square, miller.—**F. CHIRM**, Dawley, Shropshire, grocer.—**J. HAM**, Redruth, Cornwall, butcher.—**J. J. GREASLEY**, Scarro-rough, bookbinder.—**G. EDMONDSON**, Bradford, skirt manufacturer.—**R. J. TONGE**, Kingsport-pool-Hall, merchant.—**J. MEDGROFT**, Liverpool, bookseller.—**D. H. DUNN**, 19, St. George's, Colchester, draper.—**J. JENKINS**, Berni, Edge, Durham, builder.—**G. TEASDALE**, Stanhope, Durham, boot and shoe maker.—**J. EDSON**, Birmingham retail broker.—**J. BRIDGES**, Birmingham, assistant grocer.—**W. HUMPHRIES**, Barnbrook, Worcester-shire, clerk.—**R. CO KE**, Holme, Manchester, townman.—**J. CUMMINS**, Bristol, bookbinder.—**W. R. HAYES**, 10, Shaftesbury-st, Gloucestershire, and straw.—**J. HUNTINGTON**, Sheffield, jobber.—**J. GRACE**, Sheffield, watchman.—**W. FOSTER**, Sheffield, photographer.—**A. NICHOLLS** and **A. NICHOLLS**, jun. Redruth, Cornwall, builders.—**J. BAINE'S**, Roddick, Worcester-shire, beer-housekeeper.—**J. J. BARNARD**, 10, St. Mary's, Worcester-shire, farmer.—**MRS. JANE LAW**, Northorn, Lancashire, farmer.—**JACOB**, Kidderminster, Worcester-shire, tailor.—**J. PERRY**, B. d'Arbois, Gloucestershire, grocer.—**W. OAKES**, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, licensed victualler.—**B. R. SHEPPARD**, Frome, Salway, Somersetshire, cooper.—**J. FAIRCHILD**, Farnham, Surrey, brewer.—**J. THORNTON**, 10, St. James's, London W., auctioneer.—**S. STANDISH**, Lancaster, beer retailer.—**GOWER**, High Street, Essex, farmer.—**C. CLARKE**, Lincoln, carpenter.—**B. BUCK**, Kingston-upon-Hull, cap manufacturer.—**T. BLACK**, Culverbosch, Lincolnshire, gardener.—**J. BATE**, Hove, Sussex, dentist.—**J. HARRISON**, Penny Bentley, Derbyshire, shopkeeper.—**F. HODGSON**, 10, St. John's, London E.C., painter.—**W. CROFT**, Cadroxton-juxta-Nearth, Glamorganshire, farmer.—**A. VAUGHAN**, Halweson, Worcester-shire, chaster master.—**A. PEEL**, Dewsbury, Yorkshire, tobacconist.—**T. FIELD**, Hale-owen, Worcestershire, carpenter.—**R. JONES**, Landanidelfah, Anglesey, farmer.—**W. HOOPER**, Portsmouth, bookeller's assistant.—**R. JONES**, Hinkley, Leicestershire, cooper.—**W. G. GOSWELL**, 10, St. Paul's, dealer in pig.-P. KING, Ringwood, Hants, outfitter.—**G. F. MAKE**, Piccadilly, Middlesex, civil engineer.

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invariably and frequently cures them. Extract from 58,000 cures—*Cure No. 58,216* of the Marchioness de Bréhan, Paris, of a fearful liver complaint, wasting away, with a nervous palpitation all over the body, bad digestion, constant sleeplessness, low spirits, and the most intolerable nervous agitation, which prevented even her sitting down to rest, together with the most successful and permanent cure effected by the powerful treatment of the best French and English medical men.—*Cure No. 1771*: Lord Stuart de Decies, of many years' dyspepsia.—*Cure No. 49,852*: "Fifty years' insupportable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, nausea, high constipation, flatulency, pains in the head, and a morbidly irritable liver."—*Cure No. 47,121*: Miss Elizabeth Jacobs, Seaford Viarage, Waltham, London, of extreme nervousness, indigestion, catarrhs, low spirits, and nervous fancies.—*Cure No. 54,816*. The Rev. James T. Campbell, Fakenham, Norfolk, of indigestion and torpidity of the liver, which had resisted all medical treatment.—*Cure No. 54,812*. Miss Mary Ann, of London, of a morbidly irritable liver.—*Cure No. 120, 22a*.—Barry Du Barry and Co., 77, Regent-street, London, and 36, Place Vendôme, Paris; and 12, Rue de l'Empereur, Brussels. Also, Fortnum and Mason, Purveyors to her Majesty; A. Phillips, the Veneclaire; A. Batty's: Petty and Woods; Abell's, 61, Gracechurch-street; A. Chespie; 65, 155, and 289, Oxford-street; J. Upper Baker, 10, Abchurch-lane; and 451, Strand; and 30, Charing-cross, and all Grocers and Chemists.

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of any one troubled with Wind in the Stomach, Indigestion or Bilioussness, take PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS. Ten years of success have proved them of sterling merit.—Of all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1ld., or free by post for 14 stamps, from Page D Woodcock, Chemist, Lincoln.

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INFLAMMATIONS CONTROLLED.—Cases of internal inflammation in the throat, lungs, liver, and bowels are perpetually happening during the winter, and loudly call for a certain Curative such as Holloway's Pills. They supersede blood-letting, mercury, antimony, and similarly dangerous treatment.

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COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS for Indigestion, bile, sick-headache, acidity, heartburn, flatulency, spasms, &c.—Prepared only by JAMES COCKLE, 18, New Oxford-street; and to be had of all Medicines Vendors, in boxes, at 1s. 1d.

And County, 38; London Joint Stock, 35; London and South African, 25; National Provincial of England, 12; Oriental, 55; Ottoman, 3; South Australia, 35; ex div. Union of London, 33.

Colonial Government Securities have risen steadily. Canada Six per Cento, 187-84, 106 ex div.; Ditto Five per Cento, 97 1/2 ex div.; Ditto Inscribed Stock, 97 1/2 ex div.; Ditto Six per Cento, 109 1/2 ex div.; New South Wales, 105 1/2 ex div.; Victoria Six per Cento, 109 1/2.

In Miscellaneous Securities about an average business has been transacted. Crystal Palace, 34 ex div.; Great Ship, 3; National Discount, 8; Oriental Inland Steam, 84 ex div.; Peninsular and Oriental, 78; Royal Mail Steam, 85; Trust and Loan Company of Upper Canada, 84.

The discount in the Stock Bank Shares have been far from numerous, but prices have had an upward tendency.

Utman; 39, South Australia, 35d ex div.; Union of London, 33d;
Colonial Government Securities have ruled as follows: New
South Wales, 60s; Victoria, 78s; Western Australia, 77d ex div.
Ditto Inscribed Stocks, 97 ex div.; Mauritius Six per Centa, 110s;
New Brunswick, 104½ ex div.; and Victoria Six per Centa, 109s.

In Miscellaneous Securities about an average buckles has been
transacted, Crystal Palace, 34 ex div.; Great Ship, 3s; National
Trust, 4s; Oriental Island Stock, 10s; Royal Mail Steam, 6s; and
Oriental Steam, 6s; Royal Mail Steam, 6s; Trust and Loan Com-
pany of Upper Canada, 4s.

The dealings in Joint-Stock Bank Shares have been far from
numerous, yet prices have had an upward tendency.

THE LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1863.

BANKRUPT—CWADEB, John, of London, Linen-draper &
S. P. HUGHS, Hatton-wall, Clerkenwell, chandler's shop keeper—
J. HILLY, Providence-buildings, New Kent-road wine merchant—
G. PEARON, Baginbore Wharf, North-northminster, publican.—
J. SMITH, Nottingham hemp-shop-keeper—J. DUNES, Norfolk
Lane, Broad-street, London, W.C., FURFELSON, Upholder,
Kent, farmer—MALIA ELLISON, Bishops'-place, Cardington-
street, Hampstead-road, vocalist.—F. KELLY, Stirling-terrace,
Belvedere-road, Lambeth carpenter.—J. MORRIS, Stalybridge, book-
keeper—J. J. SHEPHERD, Upper Bedford-place Russell-square,
confectioner.—W. J. RICH, Chancery-lane, solicitor.—J. VILLIERS
J. BRADSHAW, When, old manufactory—W. KING, Man-
chester, dealer in fancy woolled cloth.—F. KIRKLEY, Waterloo-
street, St. Luke's metal merchant.—H. R. KNIGHTS, Camden-wel-
l-pole, Herefordshire, commission agent.—A. H. RENTON, Rag-
wort-house, near W. J. RICH, Chancery-lane, solicitor.—J. VILLIERS
and J. BIDDEL, Coventry grinding and elastic web manu-
facturers.—J. BAGGULEY, Salway North-glamshire, miller.—J.
HERBERT, Bart., farmer.—W. KITSELL, Pressing, Radnor-
shire, under and confectioner.—G. HEAD, Bristol, Glamorgan, vicar.
BUTLER, Bath, druggist.—J. HUGHES, Birmingham, iron-
founder.—W. ROUNDY, Brighton, Yorkshire, miller and farmer.
R. STIZAKER, Everton, licensed victualer.—G. S. PALMER,
Powderstock, Horse-trail—J. B. BARROW, Ke. d., Westmoreland,
innkeeper.—E. WIDDAILL, Salford, Lancashire, shipbroker.—J. S. COX,
Barnes, Middlesex, brewer.—J. M. CROFT, Southampton, fishmonger.
J. N. BROWN, Belfast, salesman.—J. TRUAN, Seaford, North-
Nottinghamshire, innkeeper.—H. SOUTHOVER, Withborne Street,
Derbyshire, farmer.—W. BAKER, Ledbury, Herefordshire, saddler.
S. STEEL, Margate, Dymer.—G. LAMBERT, no fixed
abode, auctioneer.—J. B. BARNES, Suffolk, farmer.—J.
J. MAEON, Wolverhampton, grocer.—W. JACKSON, stockport,
Cheshire, builder.—J. DURRALL, Iwerich, sailmaker.—W.
THOMAS, Gaddington, Herefordshire, butcher.—W. WILLIAMS,
Waltham, Herefordshire, gardener.—J. F. FORD, Southam,
Warwickshire, brewer.—W. ROBERTS, provincial bookseller.
B. HARRISON, Sudley, Staffordshire, publican.—J. GRIFFITTS,
junr., Wotherton, Zouff, farmer.—R. SMYTH, Eastbourne
Sussex, tutor.—J. BURRIDGE, Brighton, cap maker.—W. Y.
FLINT, Bilston, Staffordshire, joiner.—J. MUIR, Kingston-
Blair, farmer.—Z. CHADWICK, Salford, Lancashire, firewood
maker.

S. HARRISON, Sedgeley, Staffordshire, publisher.—J. GRIFFITHS, jun., Wetherston, Salop, farmer.—S. R. SMYTH, Eastbourne, summer tutor.—J. BURRIDGE, Brighton, can maker.—W. Y.

SMYTH, Bliss, Staffordshire, Japaner. — J. MUIR, Keston.
 Elmbridge, farmer. — E. CHADWICK, Salford. — J. LANCASHIRE, firewood-
 maker.

THURSDAY, JAN. 6.

BANKRUPTCY ANNULLED.—W. REDMAN, Whiteby, York-
 shire, builder.

—J. KILPATRICK, F. K. KUPITZ, M. C. High-street, Shadwell
 chemist.—W. CLARKE, Whitman-terrace, Victoria Park, boot-
 maker. — E. H. P. FIRMINGB, Brighton, commercial agent.—J. M. P.
 WHITE, Iorrigton-mews, Edgware-road, cabdriver.—W. H. CAR-
 MIST, Bromley, steel and iron forger.—T. F. MCARTHY, Rye-
 Mount, Tunbridge Wells, painter.—J. S. SNOODER, 54, Man-
 street, Chelsea, builder.—J. PENFOLD, Blackmoor-street, Dury-
 lane, chemist.—J. HARDING, Benben-road, St. John's-
 ward, painter.—J. S. HEWITT, Greenwich, late clerk in the General Post
 Office.—H. HARRIS, 14, St. Mark's, Clerkenwell, carriage and
 merchants.—C. F. WRIGHT, Montrose-street, Holloway, messenger
 to the West London Union.—H. HORTON, Oxford-ard, Lower-
 road, Islington, iron man.—J. TEBLON, Canonbury-lane, Islington,
 painter.—H. HARRIS, 14, St. Mark's, Clerkenwell, carriage and
 merchants.—W. HOLDS, Golden-lane, St. Luke's, chandler.—R. LOMAX, Great
 Russell-street, Bloomsbury, collector.—W. S. CALES, Dale on vic-
 tualer.—W. BROWN, New Pye-street, Westminster, general draper.
 —H. HARRIS, 14, St. Mark's, Clerkenwell, carriage and
 merchants.—J. CAMBRI, ge painter.—S. TAYLOR, jun., Oakbourne, Sussex, tobacco
 comber.—R. H. WILSHIRE, Kilbeak-terrace, Bow, foreman to a
 miller.—F. GURR, Dwyer, Shropshire, green.—J. H. HAM, Redruth

J. HARRISON. Penny Bentley, Derbyshire, shopkeeper.—W

STONE, Whitworth, Derbyshire, shoemaker.—W. GORVATT
Cudworth-Juxta-Neath, Glamorganshire, farmer.—A. VAUGHAN
Halswood, Worcestershire, chaff-cut master.—A. FEELE, Dubuque
Yoachim, Iowa, farmer.—W. GORVATT, Worcester, Mass.,
carpenter.—B. JONES, Llandanillo, Glamorganshire, farmer.—W.
HOOPER, Portsmouth, bookseller's assistant.—R. JONES, Hink
shy, Shropshire, p. p.—W. WILLIAMS, Gwilyni, Carnarvonshire
in p. p.—F. INOS, Ringwood, Hants, outdrier.—G. F.
MAKE, Piccadilly, London, engine engineer.

SCOTCH SQUIGGLY TINS.

D. GORDON, Bogoria, farmer.—J. M'FEE, Saltcoats, shipowner
J. DONALDSON, Crieff, plumber and gasfitter.—G. SHERIFF
Peebles, farmer.

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MEDICINES:** they always aggravate chronic complaints
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—Cure No. 58,413. The Marquess de Luchan, Paris, of a fearful
ful liver complaint, wasting away, with a nervous palpitation all over
had digestion, constant sleeplessness, low spirit, and the most
intolerable nervous agitation, which prevented even her sitting down
for hours together, and which for seven years had resisted the
careful treatment of the best French and English medical men.
Cure No. 171. —Lord Stuart de Decles, of the Rev. James Campbell
Cure No. 49,582: "Fifty years' insupportable misery from dyspepsia,
pepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, paucity
sickness, and vomiting.—Maria Jolly." Cure No. 47,121. Miss
Elizabeth Jacobs. Nerving Vicealgæ, Waltham Cross, Herts, of
extreme nervousness, indigestion, gathering, low spirits, and
neuritic pain.—Cure No. 54,516. The Rev. James T. Campbell
Fakenham, Norfolk, of indigestion and torpidity of the liver,
which had resisted all medical treatment.—see No. 52,812. Miss
Virginia Zegers, of consumption.—In time, 1lb, 2s. 9d., 2lb, 4s. 6d.

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of any one troubled with Wind in the Stomach, Indigestion, or Biliousness, take **PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND-PILLS**. After ten years of success have proved them of sterling merit.—Of all Medicines Vendors, at Is. 14d., or free by post for 14 stamps, from **PAGE D. WOODCOCK, Chemist, Lincoln.**

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JANUARY 10, 1863.